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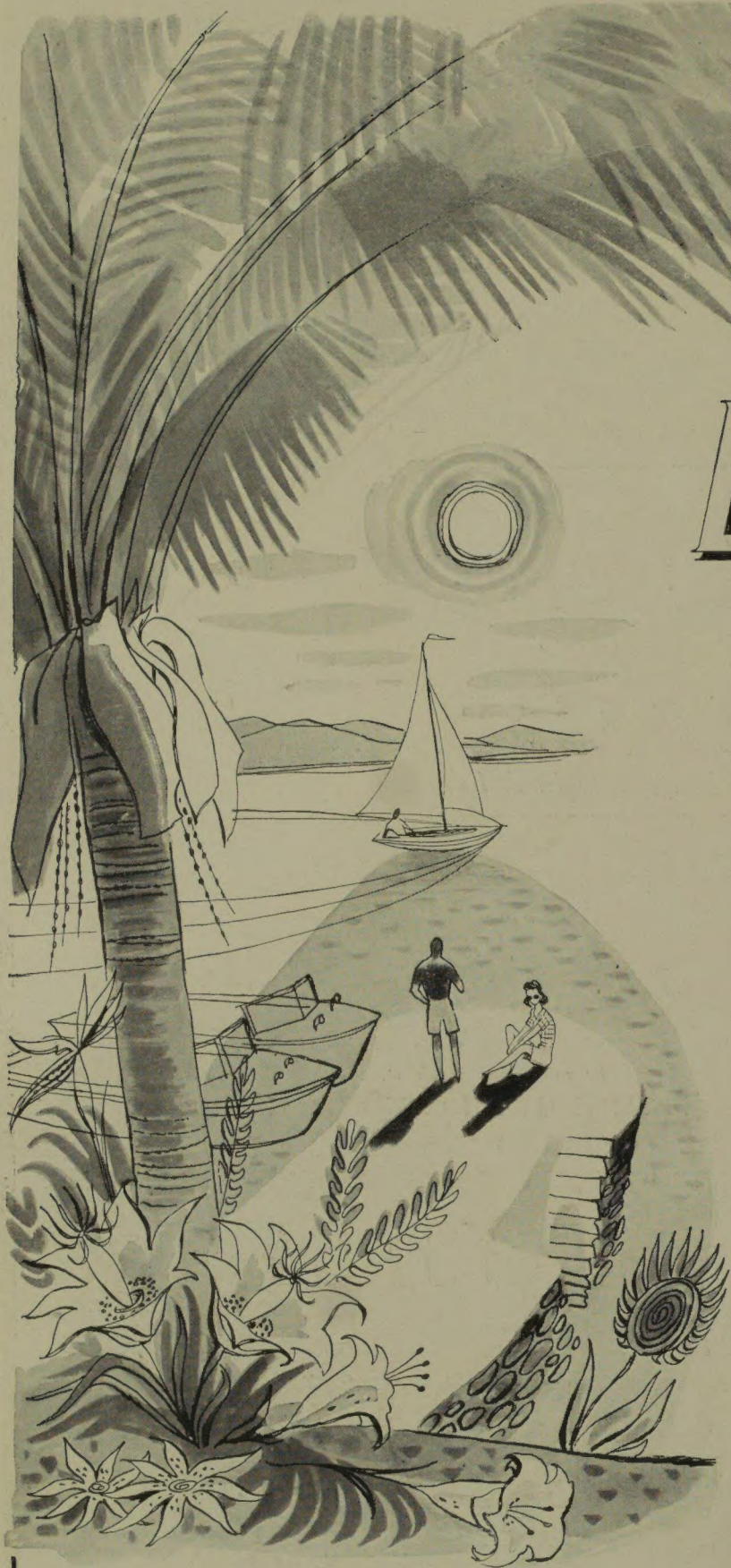
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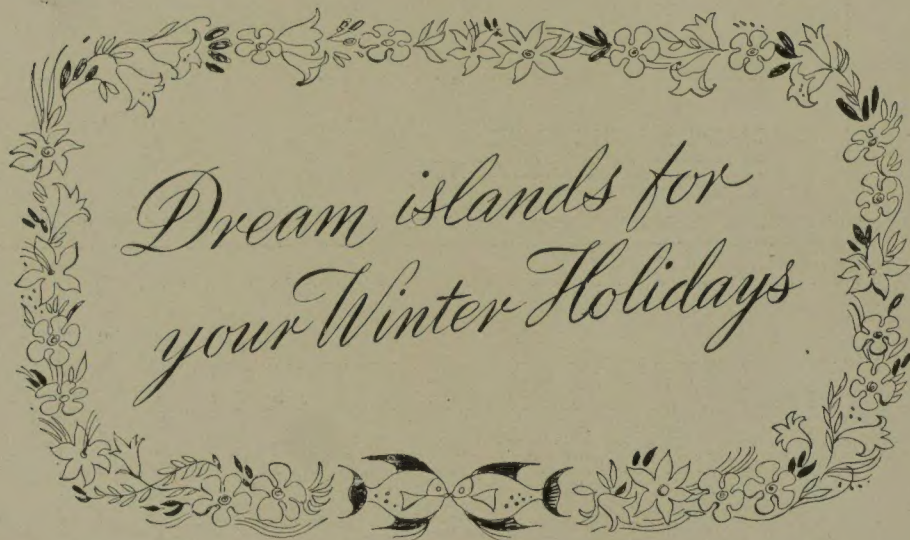
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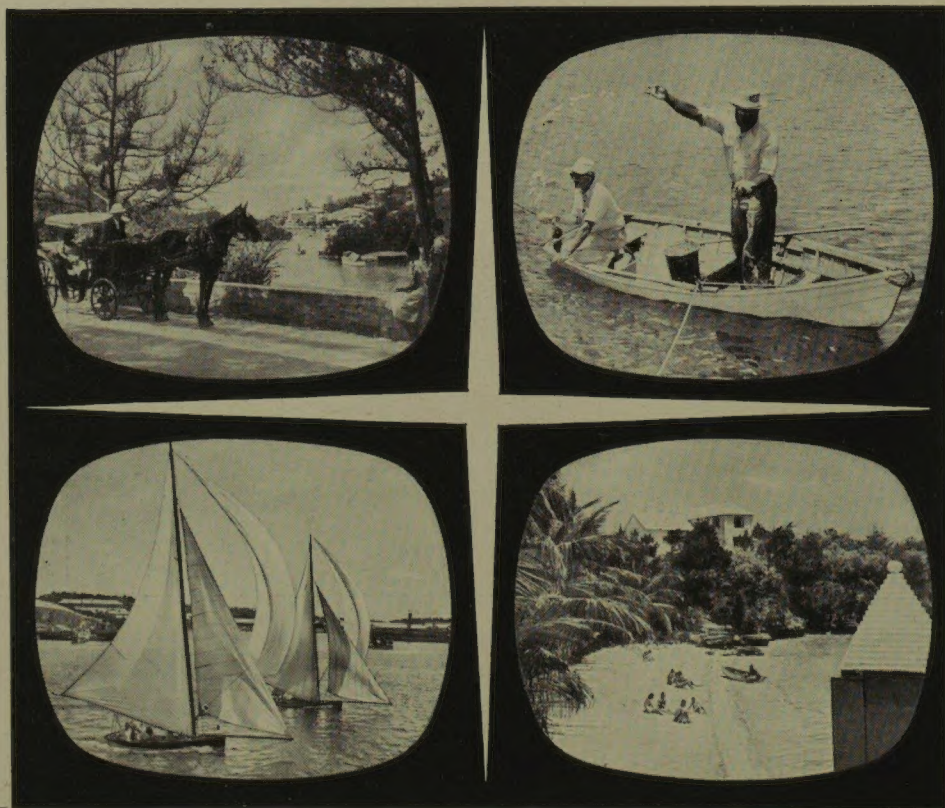


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SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1950.



BLASTING A KUM RIVER ROAD BRIDGE: AN INCIDENT IN THE LONG DELAYING ACTION WHICH AMERICAN AND SOUTH KOREAN FORCES FOUGHT DURING THE BUILD-UP OF UNITED STATES REINFORCEMENTS.

On July 12 American engineers blew a 100-ft. gap in the last bridge across the Kum River in face of the assault of the 1st North Korean Division. About 1400 lb. of high explosive were used, and the bridge went up with a terrific roar and masses of concrete were thrown into the river. Great numbers of refugees had had to be prevented from crossing during the demolition; and—after it was down—many of them proceeded to wade the shallow river. It was realised that although the breaking

of the bridge might halt the advance of tanks, it would have little effect on the advance of determined infantry; and two days later—on July 14—fresh North Korean troops were across the Kum in three places, including the centre of the American defence lines. The demolition which we show was of a bridge about fifteen miles north-west of Taejon, from which the United States troops withdrew on July 20. Other photographs of the Korean war appear in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE from the newspapers that an American statesman—and in military matters there can be few beings quite so innocent—has just been reported as saying that while, in the event of an Eastern aggression across the Elbe, the Germans should certainly be given the right to defend themselves and their country, no intention exists to create or allow any kind of German military organisation or formation. I may not have done his pregnant thought full justice for, having omitted to keep the cutting which enshrined them, I am unable to quote his words, but I have done my best to convey, I think accurately, his general meaning. The gentlemen in Bunyan who looked one way and went another intended, I should imagine, much the same thing. In what way the five or six million Western Germans (or whatever the number is) capable of bearing arms will be able to defend their homes—and ours—without weapons, training, morale or military organisation, German or otherwise, against the sudden impact of a vast and fully prepared mechanised army, this worthy politician apparently omitted to state. One can always predict the course of coming events by what politicians omit to state.

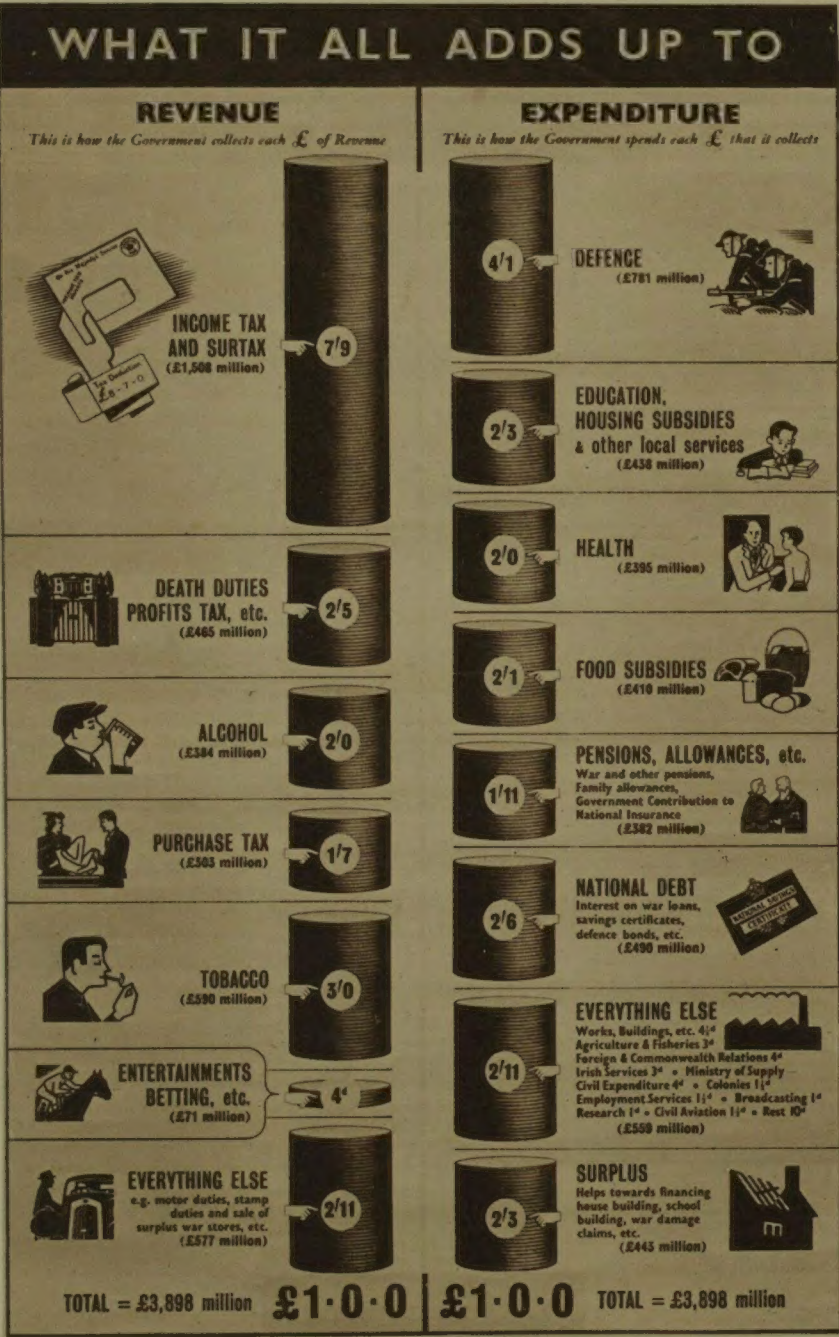
It is time our leaders—the leaders of the free West—stopped thinking in terms of wind and moonshine, and stopped trying to make up for the emptiness of what they say by the assurance with which they say it. We are living in a real world: a world in which wilful and angry men use—a kind lady Minister notwithstanding—their fists and, what is much worse, the modern counterpart of fists—rockets, bombs, tanks, machine-guns, mortars and mines. They are on the very verge of using them now. In Korea, south of the 38th Parallel, they are already using them. At any moment—and I mean, literally, at any moment—they may start to use them beyond the Elbe and Danube, and even beyond other, and wider, water barriers. We all hope and pray not, but there is not one of us, democrat or Communist, who can feel the slightest assurance in this matter. There is only one way to make sure that they do not do so: to make them realise that they will suffer far more than they can hope to gain if they do. And if that warning should prove inadequate, there is only one way to stop them attaining their ends—our enslavement and that of others to their will and governance: a stronger power in terms of discipline, training, morale and weapons of war. These are unpleasant truths, but they are inescapable. Does any sane man, Communist or otherwise, suppose that there is anything at this present time of bitter ideological conflict that stops the forces of the armed East from advancing across Europe to the Channel and Atlantic except the belief that America possesses in the atom bomb a present, but probably fast-dwindling, monopoly of a terrible deterrent weapon? Otherwise, in our present state of military unpreparedness, they could presumably do so without any of the horrors for themselves of a war at all, since it takes two armed combatants to make a war, though unfortunately only one to make a massacre and an enslavement. Repeated utterances about our incorrigible wickedness and the crying need for a uniform world of "People's Republics" make the hope and intention of the rulers of the Eastern world only too clear. Like the Jacobins before them, they believe what they say, are used to having their own way, and to using force to obtain it. How can we expect to stop them except by force or, what is infinitely preferable, the known capacity for force. Pacifism is only an effective creed in the realm of the spirit or, in a material world where the impact of matter has no effect on spirit.

And that is not our world, as the Founder of the Christian religion himself pointed out. It reveals, indeed, an incapacity to comprehend the meaning of the spiritual to think otherwise. Matter and spirit are inextricably mingled in this terrestrial life, constantly interacting on one another. To maintain, as so-called "pacifists" do, that conquest, massacre, enslavement by an unresisted brute force can have no harmful effect on the spirit of those subjected to such violence is on a par with the comfortable doctrine, once said to be

advanced by capitalists, that the slums and undernourishment of the poor were of no account, since they could not injure the only thing that mattered, their spiritual welfare. When the great Evangelical, Wilberforce, expressed to Major Cartwright, the champion of the oppressed early nineteenth-century factory worker, the hope that they would meet in a better world, Cartwright replied that he hoped they would first mend the world they were in. Nor did Wilberforce himself do his life's work without the exercise of physical force in the service of spiritual righteousness. It was not only his brave and noble crusade in Parliament and the country that stopped the trans-oceanic slave trade: by itself this could have availed nothing. It was, in the final resort, the guns of the Royal Navy.

If we want to stop the series of horrible wars that have been scourging the world, and our country with it, during the past fifty years, we have got to regain without further delay our forefathers' realisation that, in a world in which spiritual evil is a reality, it is necessary for good men to maintain and employ force in the service of law and the spirit. By "we," I mean the nations that, having the greatest spiritual and material heritage, have advanced furthest in civilisation; notably the United States, Great Britain and the Commonwealth, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia and the Low Countries. In all these fortunate countries this disastrous heresy has flourished for a long time, with the result that civilisation has been laid open to the successive incursion of barbarians. There are other countries, even in the riven Eastern Hemisphere, whose material and spiritual development has been interrupted or retarded by terrible disasters, recent or remote, but which also inherit the tradition of Western civilisation, and whose development could be immeasurably speeded by an alignment within and behind a *Pax Romana*—Spain, Italy and Western Germany, the inheritors of three of the greatest European cultures, India and Japan, Greece and Yugoslavia, Austria and Portugal. What is wanted is a great international statesman, a Smuts or a Rhodes, a Roosevelt or a Churchill, to re-educate us all in the need for a common physical power to serve our spiritual civilisation and culture and ensure its protection and continuance.

What happens where ordered physical force is withdrawn from the service of peace can be seen in the East to-day, where the vacuum created by the withdrawal of India's valiant and disciplined Army has been at once filled by spreading flames. Until some other force in the service of law, peace and civilisation has taken the place of the noble Indian Army—the greatest gift, in my belief, of whatever gifts and benefits we gave to a formerly war-ravaged and anarchical India—those flames will both continue and spread and, if they spread much further, will engulf the whole world, including India itself. Forces like the nineteenth-century Royal Navy and the nineteenth-century Indian Army, seen in the broad perspective of human progress and happiness, are fire-fighting apparatus, implements for extinguishing the flames of lawless violence, war and anarchy. Our business to-day and that of every civilised, peace-loving man and nation, is to create such a fire-fighting apparatus and to enrol in its service, under international law, discipline and restraint, brave men of every free nation. If such a force can be created, strong enough to effect its deterrent purpose, and we ourselves remain civilised; not seeking to impose our will by force on anyone but only to resist lawless force, the menace of war will recede and with it the ambitions and passions that provoke war.



OUR EXPENDITURE—HEADED BY DEFENCE: THE BUDGET ANALYSED.

This leaflet is an official publication designed to explain the Budget in popular terms, and to show exactly what proportion of the national income is spent on Defence and other Government commitments. It has been prepared by the Economic Information Unit and General Office of Information, and is for exhibition in Government offices used by the public; and is also being sent to many voluntary bodies, youth groups and adult education institutions. It shows in a striking manner how Defence—at 4s. 1d. in every pound sterling of the revenue—is the largest item of expenditure in the nation's huge "housekeeping" account, and that income tax and surtax, at 7s. 9d. in every pound of the revenue, supply the largest proportion of the huge sum of £3,898,000,000 required to run the nation under its present regime. In view of the urgent discussions on Defence which have recently been taking place, this analysis of the Budget is of remarkable interest.

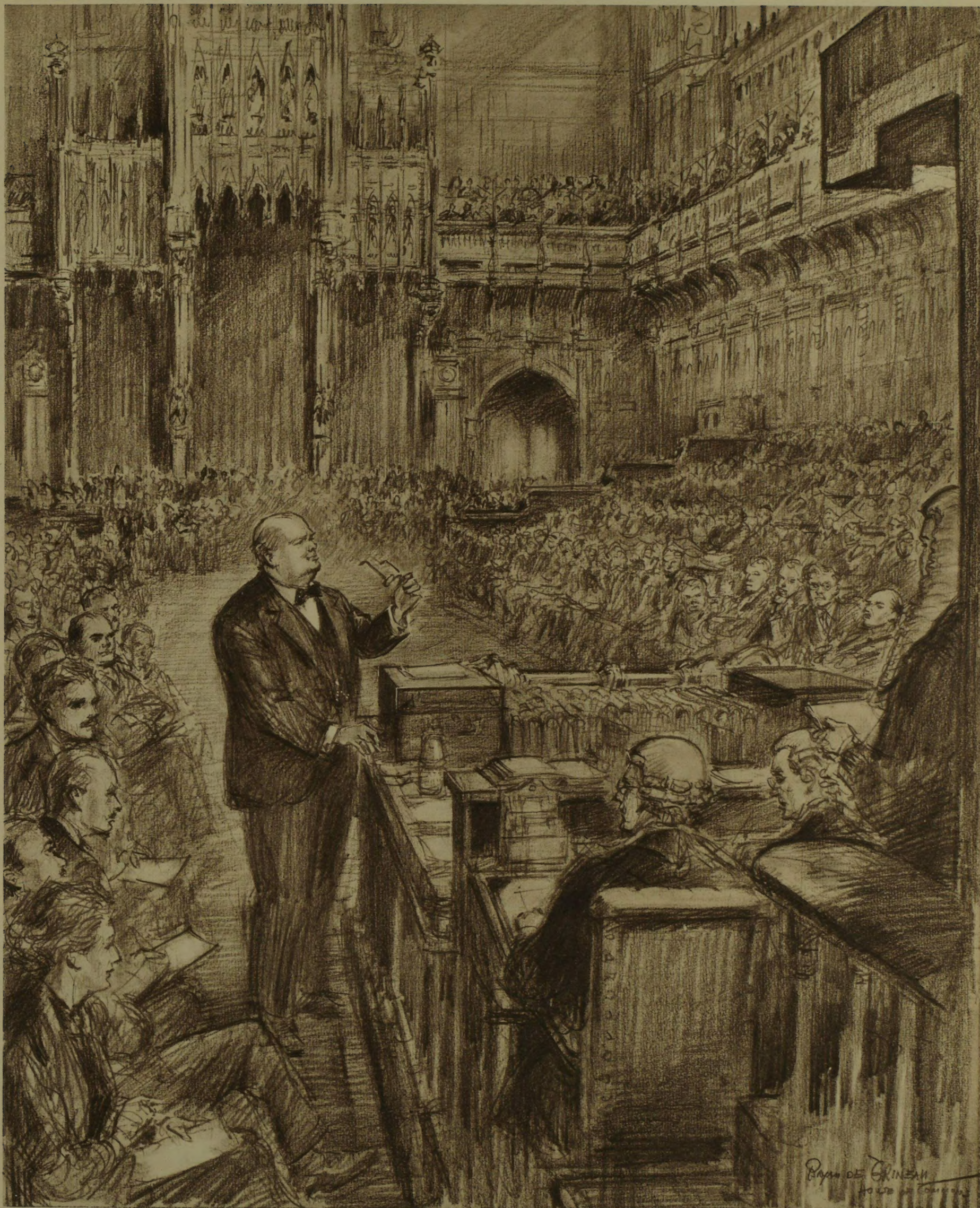
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"I SPY STRANGERS!": MR. CHURCHILL'S DRAMATIC APPEAL FOR A SECRET SESSION ON DEFENCE. LATER, IN OPEN SESSION, HE ANALYSED THE GREAT DANGERS FACING WESTERN CIVILISATION AND ITS WEAKNESS IN FACE OF RUSSIAN STRENGTH.

On July 27—the second day devoted to the second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill—Mr. Churchill made a dramatic appeal for a secret session on Defence. Rising in his place and scanning the public galleries, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I spy strangers." The Speaker immediately declared, "The question is that strangers be ordered to withdraw." The House divided and the motion was defeated by the narrow margin of one—295 for, 296 against. Mr. Bevin had returned from his convalescence for the debate and, as it transpired, his presence made the decisive difference. Proceeding, in open session, Mr. Churchill, in one of his gravest and weightiest speeches,

went on to contrast Western Europe's military weakness with the armed strength of Russia and emphasised the perils Britain would face from air bombardment if ever Soviet forces reached the Channel; and he laid great stress on the dangers of submarine warfare and the potential menace of the Russian U-boats. In fact, he said the only counterpoise in strength lay in the United States' "enormous and measureless superiority" in atomic weapons. After laying much of the responsibility for this state of affairs on the Government, he assured them of the Opposition's complete support in securing national survival. Mr. Shinwell's reply was largely non-committal.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK:

RUSSIA ENDS HER BOYCOTT OF U.N.
MR. JACOB MALIK, THE SOVIET DELEGATE. On July 27, after a seven-months boycott of the United Nations, Mr. Malik, the Russian delegate at Lake Success, informed Mr. Trygve Lie that he would assume the presidency of the Security Council on the due date—i.e., August 1—and that he would communicate the agenda subsequently. This surprise decision is regarded as a diplomatic victory for the West.



THE OPENING OF THE TALKS ON KASHMIR: MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN, SIR OWEN DIXON AND MR. NEHRU, PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA (L. TO R.). On July 20 the Prime Ministers of Pakistan and India met the United Nations' mediator, Sir Owen Dixon, in the octagonal room at Government House, Delhi, still known as "Lord Reading's room," to open discussions on the Kashmir dispute which, for nearly three years, has caused such grave differences between Pakistan and India. The atmosphere was reported to be auspicious, and Sir Owen Dixon has inspired confidence in both parties.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

TO CAPTAIN ENGLAND AGAINST AUSTRALIA: MR. F. R. BROWN, OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. On July 27 the M.C.C. made their first choice of the players who are to tour Australia and New Zealand during the coming winter. This was a list of twelve and included the captain, Mr. F. R. Brown, of Northants. The announcement followed Brown's fighting century against the Players. He has played for the M.C.C. in Australia (1932-33), but not in a Test match there.



RECEIVING THE SWORD OF HONOUR FROM H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT SANDHURST: SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER P. BURDICK.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester on July 21 took the Sovereign's Parade of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer P. Burdick, as the most outstanding officer cadet of the year; and the King's Medal for passing out first in order of merit to Junior Under-Officer T. A. Linley.



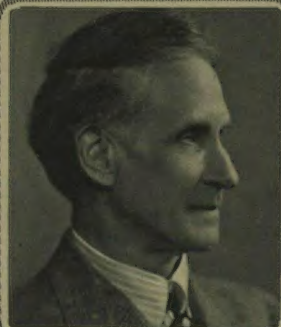
SIR GILBERT LAITHWAITE.

On July 26 Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, first British Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland, presented his credentials to President O'Kelly in Dublin. He drove in State through Dublin with a cavalry motor-cycle escort, and was received by the President at his official house in Phoenix Park, formerly Viceregal Lodge.



MR. JOHN W. DULANTY.

On July 26 Mr. Dulanty, Eire's first Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (formerly High Commissioner), drove to Buckingham Palace to present his Letters of Credence to the King, travelling in a Royal landau in accordance with the recently-revived custom, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Gentleman Usher to H.M.



SIR HERBERT BARKER.

Died, aged eighty-one. A celebrated manipulative surgeon, he successfully treated cases which had baffled doctors, and cured many soldiers in the 1914-18 war. He was knighted in 1922, and after long conflict, his skill was recognised by the medical profession; and in 1936 he gave a demonstration at St. Thomas's Hospital.



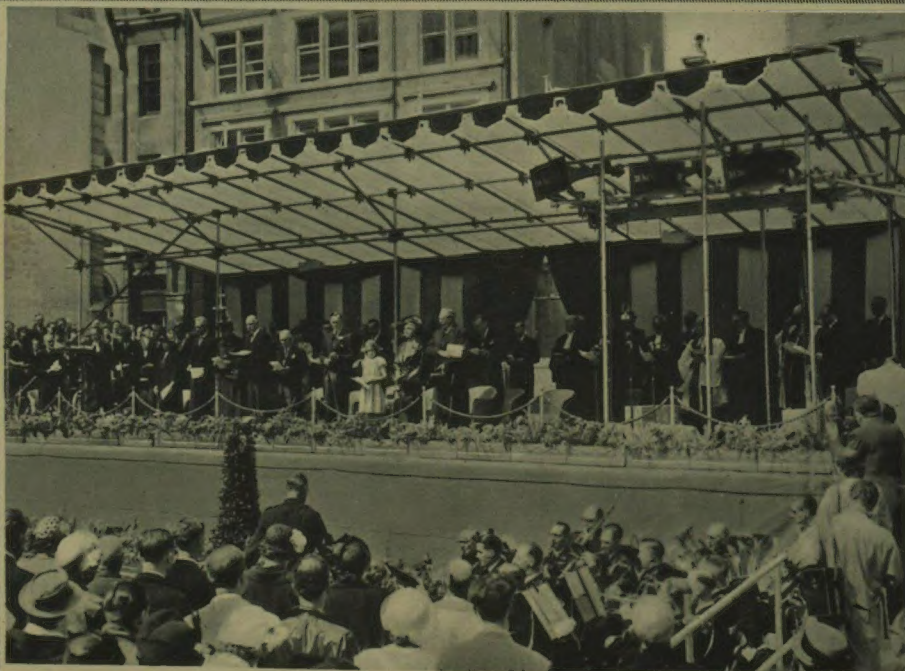
MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

Died on July 20, aged eighty-five. A novelist whose "Garden of Allah" was the most widely-read of many books (including "The Green Carnation," "Flames," "The Londoners" and "The Paradine Case") and was also a play. His first novel, "The Coastguard's Secret," appeared when he was seventeen and "Yesterday" in 1947.



AWARDED RESPECTIVELY THE R.A.F. COLLEGE KING'S MEDAL AND THE SWORD OF HONOUR: FLIGHT CADET E. V. MELLOR (L.)

AND FLIGHT CADET G. W. F. CHARLES. Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, Chief of the Air Staff, took the graduation parade of No. 50 entry of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, on July 26. After presenting the Sword of Honour to Flight Cadet G. W. F. Charles and the King's Medal to Flight Cadet E. V. Mellor, he spoke of Cranwell's magnificent tradition in producing leaders of men.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW DUTCH CHURCH: A GENERAL VIEW WITH PRINCE BERNHARD, PRINCESS IRENE AND PRINCESS ALICE IN THE CENTRE.

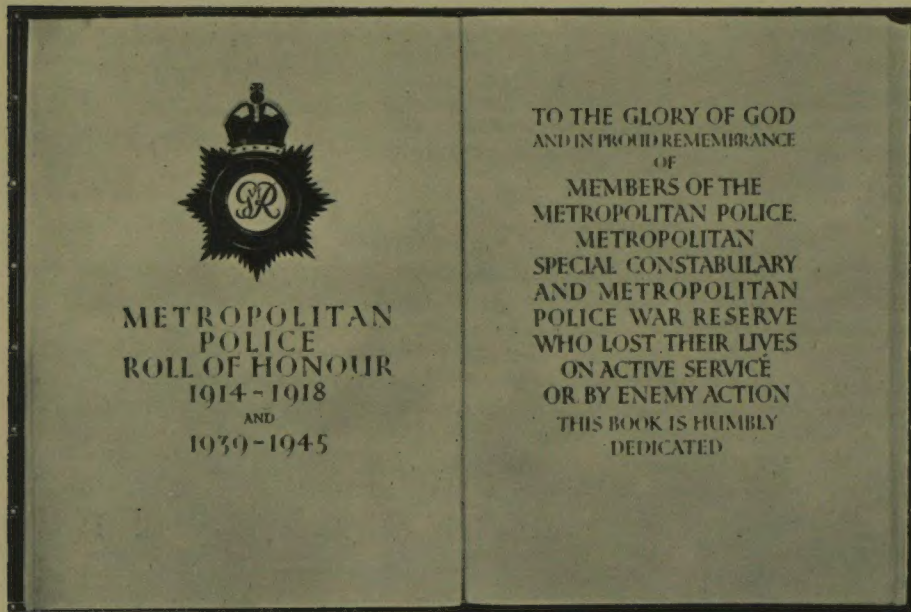
Princess Irene of the Netherlands, ten-year-old second daughter of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, was christened in London, and she came over to this country from Holland in order to perform her first public duty on July 23. She laid the foundation-stone of the new Dutch Church in Austin Friars to be erected on the site of the ancient church which was destroyed by a land-mine in 1940. The little Princess was accompanied by her father, and Princess Alice, Countess



THE TEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW DUTCH CHURCH ON JULY 23 WITH PRINCE BERNHARD (R.).

of Athlone, the Lord Mayor of London, Lady Rowland, and dignitaries of the Dutch Church were also present. An open-air service was conducted by the Rev. R. H. Apeldoorn, Minister-in-Charge of the church, and the Princess joined in singing the Dutch hymns. The ceremony took place on the day before the 400th anniversary of the granting of the site of the church by Edward VI. to Protestant refugees from Europe. The new building will occupy half the site.

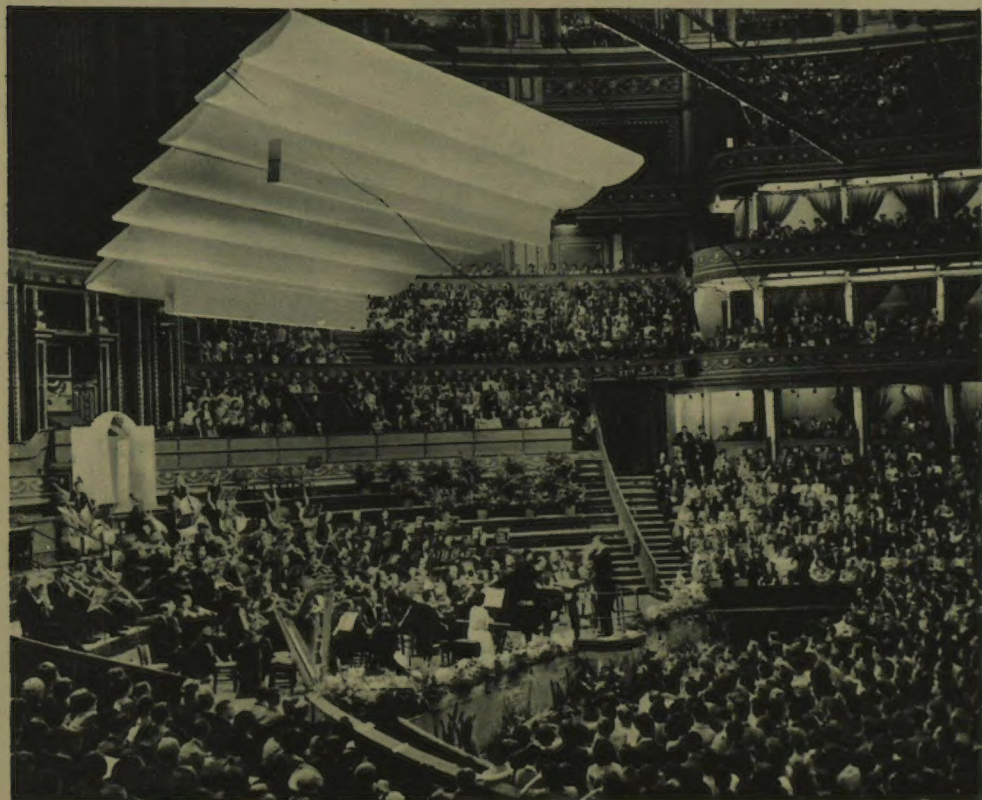
MUSIC, MOTORING AND THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: SOME NOTABLE RECENT EVENTS IN PICTURES.



COMMEMORATING THE 1076 MEN OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE TWO WORLD WARS: THE ROLL OF HONOUR UNVEILED BY THE KING. On July 27 the King unveiled the Memorial to the Metropolitan policemen who lost their lives "while serving in the armed forces or by enemy action at home" in the two World Wars. It is a Roll of Honour bearing 1076 names. It has been placed in a small, glass-covered display case.



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL INDIVIDUAL COMPETITOR IN THE INTERNATIONAL ALPINE CAR RALLY: MR. IAN APPELYARD IN HIS JAGUAR XK. 120 SPORTS TWO-SEATER, WITH MRS. APPELYARD.



THE FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCE OF SIR ARNOLD BAX'S CONCERTANTE FOR ORCHESTRA AND PIANO (LEFT HAND): THE CROWDED ALBERT HALL, WITH THE SOLOIST, MISS HARRIET COHEN, AT THE PIANO, AND SIR MALCOLM SARGENT CONDUCTING.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO METROPOLITAN POLICEMEN: THE KING AND QUEEN INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



ON THE OBERALP PASS: MR. IAN APPELYARD IN HIS JAGUAR, WITH MRS. APPELYARD.

HE WON AN ALPINE CUP FOR COMPLETING THE COURSE WITHOUT LOSS OF MARKS. Twenty-one of the thirty-eight finishers in the Alpine Car Rally were British cars. Mr. I. Appleyard in his *Jaguar* won an Alpine Cup, three class prizes, and put up the fastest times in the Flying 4 Kilometer, in the Braking and Acceleration Tests, and the Col De Vars and Stelvio Climbs.



THE COMPOSER OF A NEW CONCERTANTE FOR ORCHESTRA AND PIANO (LEFT HAND) AND THE SOLOIST: SIR ARNOLD BAX, MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSICK, AND MISS HARRIET COHEN.

Miss Harriet Cohen was the soloist in Sir Arnold Bax's Concertante for Orchestra and Piano (left hand only), which had its first London performance on July 25 at a Promenade concert. It was written for Miss Cohen, who had a serious accident to her right wrist in 1948.

IN THE HARD-FOUGHT CENTRAL FRONT—

SCENES OF THE KOREAN FIGHTING.



ENTIRELY CAMOUFLAGED WITH BRANCHES: A SOUTH KOREAN TROOP AND SUPPLY TRAIN PREPARES TO MOVE OUT OF A STATION WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN BLOCKED OUT FOR SECURITY REASONS. (INSET, ABOVE, RIGHT.) AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. A. BOUCHIER, APPOINTED SENIOR BRITISH MILITARY LIAISON OFFICER WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR.



BUILDING AN EMERGENCY AIRSTRIP IN SOUTHERN KOREA, WITH KOREAN LABOURERS WORKING UNDER U.S. SUPERVISION. THE BASIS OF THE RUNWAY IS A METAL MESH.



A FORWARD U.S. COMMAND POST, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN KOREA. THE STIFFEST FIGHTING AFTER THE FALL OF TAEJON WAS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF YONGDONG.



TROOPS OF THE U.S. 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION, WHO RECENTLY LANDED AT POHANG, IN ACTION NEAR YONGDONG WITH A MORTAR BATTERY. YONGDONG WAS ABANDONED ON JULY 25.



WITH THE ADVANCE OF THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN THERE HAS BEEN AN INCREASE IN INFILTRATION IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES; AND A U.S. OFFICER IS HERE SEARCHING REFUGEES.

The principal scene of the pictures on this page is the area round Yongdong, on the road between Taejon and Taeju, which was the scene of some of the stiffest fighting in the Korean campaign. The battle for this town opened on July 23, when the North Korean forces attacked in great strength and were met by the fire power of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division. They were twice beaten back, but in the end their



THE FLIGHT FROM YONGDONG: A KOREAN FAMILY MAKING A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE EVEN THEIR HEAVY FURNITURE AS THE TOWN CAME UNDER COMMUNIST FIRE.

usual tactics of dawn attack following night infiltration, together with a reckless expenditure of men and materials, told; and the U.S. troops withdrew from Yongdong on July 25 after thirty-six hours of see-saw fighting. Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier, who, as Mr. Shinwell announced on July 26, is to be Senior Liaison Officer with General MacArthur, was A.O.C. British Commonwealth Forces, Japan, 1946-48.

WAR IN KOREA: TANKS, AIRCRAFT, WEAPONS AND SOME OF THE FIGHTING MEN INVOLVED.



(ABOVE.) A WELCOME REINFORCEMENT TO THE U.S. FORCES IN KOREA: HEAVY M26 General Pershing TANKS, BEING PREPARED AT PUSAN FOR TRANSPORTATION TO THE FRONT. THE M26 MOUNTS A 90-MM. GUN.

ON his return from Eighth Army Headquarters in Korea on July 26, and after discussions with Lieut.-General W. H. Walker, the Army Commander, General MacArthur said: "Never in my life was I more confident of victory—ultimate victory—than I am now." In face of the North Koreans' advance of 120 miles in four weeks, this statement would seem to argue that General MacArthur is impressed by the delaying actions which are enabling the U.S. forces to build up supplies and reinforcements which will be effective in overcoming the North Korean superiority of numbers in men and equipment. It is noteworthy that one of our photographs shows General Pershing heavy tanks on their way from Pusan to the fighting, and also that another shows the devastating effect of U.S. aerial rocket attack on North Korean medium tanks; for it would appear that the North Koreans owe their success in chief to a skilful use of a large number of the excellent Russian T.34 tanks.



A GROUP OF NORTH KOREAN T.34s AFTER AN ATTACK BY ROCKET-FIRING AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S. 5TH AIR FORCE. THREE WERE CLAIMED AS DESTROYED, THREE DAMAGED.



WOUNDED U.S. TROOPS RESTING IN AN EVACUATION HOSPITAL SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN KOREA, WHILE WAITING FOR HOSPITAL SHIPS TO CARRY THEM TO JAPAN.



A WRECKED NORTH KOREAN AIRCRAFT. IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE A YAK-14, A RUSSIAN-BUILT SINGLE-ENGINE TRAINING AND GENERAL-PURPOSE MONOPLANE.



NEGRO TROOPS OF THE U.S. 25TH DIVISION OPERATING A WATER-COOLED BROWNING MACHINE-GUN IN THE FIGHTING IN THE CENTRAL HILLS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HERO.

"HAPPY ODYSSEY," THE MEMOIRS OF LT.-GENERAL SIR ADRIAN CARTON DE WIART, V.C., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"SOME chicken, and some neck!" was Mr. Churchill's comment across the Atlantic when Hitler thought that we were a chicken whose neck could easily be wrung. "Some man, and some book!" might be as suitably said about this autobiography by the oddest of Generals; a regular, and utterly loyal, but much akin to the old "soldiers of fortune." The man, and I hope he doesn't mind my saying so, is a freak. He loves fighting; but is the most humane of men. He is a mixture of Uncle Toby, Don Quixote, d'Artagnan, Nimrod, Puck, and another ingredient which can only be described as Carton de Wiart.

He says that his life has been made up of misadventures which he has been lucky to survive. It was one of these which led him to write a book, a thing he had never intended to do: "A bad accident as I was leaving China [he was Mr. Churchill's personal representative with Chiang-Kai-shek], necessitating many months in bed, and the feeling that I might never walk again made me think back on the years and try to jot down what I remembered of them." He never kept a diary and has to rely entirely on his memory; but the mind usually retains what has most interested the man.

From the start his career has been full of incident and colour. He was born in Brussels, a Belgian child with an Irish grandmother. At three he was in Alexandria, during a cholera epidemic. Then he came to England. "I have hazy memories of a dozing Surrey countryside where I was transformed into an English child and learned to speak French with a good British accent. . . ." When he was six his mother died, and his father migrated to Cairo to practise international law, thereafter meeting and marrying "an Englishwoman who was travelling abroad as companion to a Turkish princess." Then the father (who had been at Stonyhurst) came to England again, was called to the Bar here, and became naturalised. That did not affect the young Adrian's status. In 1917, about the time of the battle of Arras, he was commanding a brigade and was invited to meet King George V. "After lunch I was called in to speak to him and he asked me various questions. Having answered them all, I volunteered the remark that I thought it was rather amusing that I had in fact served some ten years in the Army without being a British subject. His Majesty was not in the least amused; he showed extreme displeasure and said he hoped I had rectified the situation"—not H.M.'s idea of a joke.

In 1891 he was sent to the Oratory School, still at Edgbaston, where he became captain of cricket and football and champion at racquets, tennis and billiards, which I had not known was played at any school except Narkover. "By this time I had become indistinguishable from every other self-conscious British schoolboy and was invariably covered in confusion at the fervent embraces of my Continental relations." Next he went up to Balliol. "My summer term was a great success as far as cricket was concerned, but scholastically it was a disaster. . . . However, once again Balliol was lenient and I came up for the October term, when suddenly there were reverberations from South Africa and the whole problem was solved for me, most mercifully, by the outbreak of the South African War." It was no good asking his father for permission to enlist, as his father was set upon his being a lawyer; by British law he was ineligible; so he took the obvious course and joined Paget's Horse as an Englishman of age, named Carton. Recruits were in great demand: "in fact, so much so that the next day I went up and enlisted again for a short-sighted friend who couldn't pass his medical."

As soon as he got into action he received the first brace of those many wounds which have helped to make his name legendary: he had a bad stomach wound and a bullet through the groin. His identity was discovered, his parents were notified, he was sent home to be invalided out, and a forgiving father let him go back to Oxford. He remained only a little while, returning to South Africa to serve with the Imperial Light Horse. But he never regretted Oxford, and Oxford did not forget him: fifty years later Balliol elected him an Honorary Fellow.

Soldiering was now his career and a record of his wounds is a record of his campaigns. In 1914 he was fighting the Mad Mullah in Somaliland; there he

received hits in the eye, the elbow and the ear, all in one engagement, of which he says: "It had all been most exhilarating fun." Fun or not, he had to go home, where his eye was removed. "On my appearing before the Medical Board, they seemed rather shocked at my desire to go to France. We argued, and they produced the astonishing solution that if I found I could wear a satisfactory glass-eye they would consider me. I imagine they did not wish the Germans to think that we were reduced to sending out one-eyed officers. At my next board I appeared with a startling, excessively uncomfortable glass-eye. I was passed fit for general service. On emerging I called a taxi, threw my glass-eye out of the window, put on my black patch, and have never worn a glass-eye since." At the second battle of Ypres he was badly hit in the hand. He had many operations and at last insisted that the hand should come off. "As I detest anaesthetics and am a very bad subject, the surgeon said he would amputate simply with gas. The whole entertainment was no worse than having a tooth out, and an hour afterwards I was sitting up, eating a meal, when the door opened and into the room walked Tom Bridges. Tom said he was leaving



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ADRIAN CARTON DE WIART, V.C., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lieut.-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart has had a brilliant and remarkable military career. He served in the South African War in 1901, when under age, and was wounded; in East Africa, 1914-15 (severely wounded; D.S.O.); in the 1914-18 European War (wounded eight times; awarded the V.C.); and in World War II, in which he served with the British Military Mission in Poland and commanded the Central Norwegian Expeditionary Force. He was taken prisoner in 1941, and freed in 1943. In 1946 he was appointed as Mr. Churchill's personal representative to Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek. Mr. Churchill has contributed a Foreword to Sir Adrian's memoirs, "Happy Odyssey," which Sir John Squire reviews on this page.

Copyright photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.

the next day to command the 19th Division and he offered me a job in it. The effect of this offer was magical, my health improved by leaps and bounds." Back in France and transferred to the infantry, he was moving up the line at night when he suddenly found himself flat on his face with the sensation that the whole of the back of his head had been blown off. "I was feeling around gingerly in an endeavour to find out what bits of my anatomy remained and which of my limbs were still functioning, when the faithful Holmes (as usual on my heels with the primus and blanket) pulled me into a shell-hole. He sat with me for the next few hours with shells dropping all around us, Holmes soliloquizing over the charms of shells versus machine-gun bullets. He ended up with the classic comment of 'How my missus would laugh if she could see me now,' which I feel sure did Mrs. Holmes a grave injustice." This time "by a miracle a machine-gun bullet had gone straight through the back of my head without touching a

vital part. The only after-effect of this wound was that whenever I had a haircut the back of my head tickled." The day before the Battle of Arras he went up the line and had his ear split by a piece of shell. "I was very alarmed in case I should be done out of the battle, but I was sewn up quickly and not detained in hospital." Next year he won his V.C.: that he doesn't mention. He refers to his Oxford friend, the delightful Aubrey Herbert, as having been "insanely brave." This sounds odd coming from this source! In 1918 he was hit in the hip and spent three months in hospital. From that spring he records an episode which reflects his sense and his soldierly attitude towards the enemy. "During the battle a German officer was brought in to me. He was accused by my men of shooting the wounded. On telling him of what he was accused, I was much impressed by his simple dignity and calm manner. When he told me that he was incapable of such a despicable act I was convinced that he was speaking the truth. I asked him several pertinent questions, some of which he answered, and then I suggested that his people were having a bad time. His reaction pleased me, for he answered: 'Just the same as yours are, sir.' There was nothing much in this interview, and yet I have always remembered this young German, for he had a quality and sincerity which rang through him. After he had gone I spoke to my men and told them that if they had seen him shooting the wounded they should have killed him there and then. I am sure that they would have done so had there been any truth in their accusation."

Early in 1919, to his surprise, he was asked to go to Poland as second-in-command to General Botha, who was leading the British Military Mission—Botha fell ill, and Carton de Wiart took over. He arrived at Warsaw and was met by Paderewski, then Foreign Minister: "I shall never forget my first startled sight of Paderewski with his intense face in an enormous frame of hair, and perched precariously on top of it, a diminutive bowler hat." The Poles had five wars on their hands; they also had difficulties with "friends." "Invariably we opposed Poland in each and every crisis, and there were many. Even Paderewski was moved to say to me: 'We cannot be wrong in every case.'" The Bolshevik war came to a crisis, but at the last moment, when the Russians were only fourteen miles from Warsaw, Pilsudski planned "a masterly counter-attack" and forced them to retreat until they sued for peace. "Had Warsaw fallen, there can be no doubt that Poland, a great part of Germany and Czechoslovakia would have become Communist." Worse than that has happened now.

By 1924 there was no further need for the Military Mission; but its chief remained behind for fifteen years in a house, lent to him by Prince Charles Radziwill, in the Pripet Marshes—which region, though a bogey to generals on active service, seemed, with its forests and fens and lakes, swarming with game and wildfowl, a Paradise to this particular General in retirement. He gives delightful pictures of the old princely Polish way of life, which survived earlier partitions and wars, but has gone now.

In July, 1939, the War Office summoned him to take on his old job: within a few weeks the Russians and Germans had divided Poland and he was in London again. A command in England and then, "in the middle of one night there was a telephone message for me to report at the War Office. It dawned on me that the reason might be Norway, especially as I had never been there and knew nothing about it." Norway it was, and he found himself with troops so overburdened with warm clothing that "they were scarcely able to move at all, and looked like paralysed bears."

Almost half the narrative is still, after this summary, to come, with four aeroplane crashes, a swim ashore into captivity, escape from an Italian prison and recapture, and a mission or two more. The cheerfulness, needless to say, persists to the end, when he leaves one more hospital "a fitter if no wiser man." I don't think many readers would wish him to be altered at all, even in the direction of wisdom. It is a sort of relief to hear that he is afraid of the dark: though that probably means that he seeks darkness all the more zealously.

There is an introduction by another eminent, if more erudite, man who also remains at heart a cavalry subaltern.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 226 of this issue.

* "Happy Odyssey." The Memoirs of Lieut.-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, O.M. (Portrait of the Author. Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.)

A HELICOPTER IN JUNGLE RESCUE WORK: THE G.O.C.; MALAYA, TESTS ITS VALUE.



THE G.O.C. SEES FOR HIMSELF: MAJOR-GENERAL URQUHART, COMMANDING MALAYA DISTRICT, CLIMBS INTO A HELICOPTER TO TEST ITS VALUE IN CASUALTY RESCUES IN THE JUNGLE.



THE WESTLAND-SIKORSKY S-51 DRAGONFLY FLYING OVER DENSE JUNGLE NEAR KUALA LUMPUR ON A FLIGHT TO DEMONSTRATE ITS CAPABILITIES FOR RESCUE.



CARRYING MAJOR-GENERAL URQUHART, THE DRAGONFLY LANDS IN A 40-YARDS-SQUARE CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE. NOTE THE STRETCHER PANNIER ON THE AIRCRAFT'S SIDE.



THE CASUALTY PANNIER IS OPENED AND THE "STRETCHER-CASE"—A VOLUNTEER FROM THE 1ST SUFFOLKS—IS TRANSFERRED FROM STRETCHER TO PANNIER.



WITH THE "CASUALTY" LOADED IN THE PANNIER, THE HELICOPTER TAKES OFF FROM THE TINY JUNGLE CLEARING, AND . . .

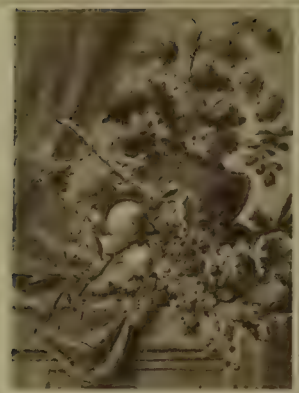


. . . FLYING OUT OF THE JUNGLE, SOON MAKES A LANDING ON A ROAD WHERE A MOTOR AMBULANCE IS WAITING TO TAKE THE "CASUALTY" TO A NEARBY CLEARING STATION.

When a Westland-Sikorsky S.51 *Dragonfly* Mk. 2 helicopter intended for evacuating wounded soldiers from the Malayan jungles was tested on June 30 at Kuala Lumpur, Major-General R. E. Urquhart (G.O.C., Malaya District) went with the machine himself to test its capabilities. He flew from Kuala Lumpur to a jungle clearing, where the aircraft floated down into what appeared a "terrifyingly dangerous" area—a rough 40-yards-square hollow clearing in the jungle. Here the casualty-carrying pannier, which can be clearly seen on the side of the helicopter, was opened and

received its load—a volunteer "casualty" from the 1st Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment. The helicopter soared again out of the jungle and landed on a road some distance away beside a waiting ambulance. Group Captain Lucas, Deputy A.O.C. Malaya, said afterwards: "The range is limited and the machine fragile . . . but within its capabilities it will be extremely useful." Shortly afterwards the same aircraft was used for the first time in earnest in Johore and flew an injured policeman to Johore Bahru Hospital for treatment.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AS a family the Androsaces are delightfully versatile and accommodating. They provide the specialist rock-gardener with some of his toughest problems in the

matter of cultivation, and they give the everyday, common-or-garden gardener one or two species of great beauty and distinction—species which look as though they surely must be rare, choice and difficult to grow, but which, in fact, are as easy to grow as any aubrietia, and may be grown in the same situations—the rock garden, the wall garden or the forefront of the choice mixed-flower border.

Before discussing the easy Androsaces I cannot resist mentioning a few of the more difficult species.

SOME EASY ANDROSACES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Androsace cylindrica is excellent as a pan specimen in the Alpine house. It builds itself into a rounded dome of narrow-leaved green rosettes, with white forget-me-nots on slender, half-inch stems.

Androsace arachnoidea combines charm and beauty with an encouraging will to live, flower and flourish, either in the Alpine house or in a well-chosen nook in the rock-garden. It forms a domed, closely-packed colony of rather silky leaf rosettes, with neat, verbenalike heads of white blossoms, whose yellow eyes turn crimson with age. In any sunny corner where rocks protect it from rampant neighbours, and in light, gritty loam, it will flourish with great content and a pleasant air of good breeding. Nearly forty years ago, when browsing through an Alpine nursery in

deeper pink; and *A. s. yunnanensis*, which is pinker still. All of them are easy and satisfactory to grow. Often it has been suggested that the plants should be protected from winter damp and rain by a sheet of glass. Pure poppycock. Plant them in light loam, well drained, on a warm, sunny slope on the rock-garden, and they will live and flourish with perfect good nature and contentment. If they moulder in winter it is not because of rain, but because the soil or drainage is wrong.

Androsace sempervivoides is in effect a smaller—a much smaller—*A. sarmentosa*, with greener, less silky leaves, and neater, deeper pink flower-heads. It is a very attractive plant. *Androsace lactea* is one of



"TWO YEARS AGO I PLANTED THREE OR FOUR SPECIMENS OF *Androsace lanuginosa* ON TOP OF A LITTLE STONE WALL SURROUNDING A SMALL SUNK GARDEN. ALREADY THEY HAVE SPREAD INTO A GRAND CLUMP. THIS YEAR THEY ARE FLOWERING WITH RECKLESS PROFUSION."

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.



A DETAIL OF THE PICTURE ON LEFT: "THE VERBENA-LIKE FLOWERS OPEN PALE PINK WITH YELLOW EYES, AND FADE TO ALMOST WHITE WITH CRIMSON EYES. THE WHOLE EFFECT OF THE FLOWERS . . . IS OF PALEST LILAC-PINK." *Androsace lanuginosa*, PHOTOGRAPHED IN JULY IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

Androsace alpina, more commonly known as *A. glacialis*, is, in my experience, one of the most difficult of all to maintain in captivity. At 8000 and 9000 ft. one finds it growing in screes and stone slides, 6 to 12-in. patches of small grey-green leaf rosettes, studded with almost stemless rose-pink blossoms. I have seen it grown and flowered in this country, but always it was a sad, dim shadow of the lovely thing it is in the high Alps, a triumph of skill in cultivation but the plant no more truly happy and characteristic than a primrose might look in a Bombay garden. *Androsace helvetica* is more amenable and satisfactory. A rounded cushion of grey-green velvet, studded with stemless flowers like white forget-me-nots. With reasonable skill and care it is not too difficult in the Alpine house; and once, at any rate, I had success with it in the open rock-garden. A purely saxatile species in nature, I found for it the perfect cliff position. On the perpendicular face of a large water-worn limestone rock I found a tuft of grass rooted deep into a natural crevice. The grass was prised out, and a young *Androsace helvetica* was coaxed into its place, and there it lived, flourished and flowered, without further attention, and without winter protection, for seven or eight years.

In such a natural rock crevice *Androsace imbricata* might with luck be grown in the open, but the Alpine house is, in the long run, the best place for it. There it may be planted in a pan, and wedged between a pair of sunken rocklets of granite or some other non-lime formation. The finest specimen I ever saw grew on a vast granite boulder high up in the Maritime Alps, in company with the rare *Saxifraga florulenta*. It had formed a compact tuft as big as my two fists, its foliage looking like a congested mass of fine silver-white lichen, studded all over with stemless parchment-white forget-me-not flowers. As a home for vegetation of any kind, its boulder home looked as uncompromising as the Albert Memorial. I stopped and admired that ancient specimen with a respect that I have seldom felt for any plant. Then I passed on, and, as far as I know, it is still there. It was so venerable, yet so hearty, and so remote, that it may well have survived a mere couple of world wars.

Suffolk, I came upon a batch of small pot specimens of *A. arachnoidea*. Among them was one specimen which seemed rather stronger and more vigorous than the others and which had decidedly larger flowers. I bought and took with me half-a-dozen of those youngsters. Need I add that the one superior specimen



"NEARLY FORTY YEARS AGO . . . I CAME UPON A BATCH OF SMALL POT SPECIMENS OF *Androsace arachnoidea*. AMONG THEM WAS ONE SPECIMEN WHICH SEEMED RATHER STRONGER AND MORE VIGOROUS THAN THE OTHERS AND WHICH HAD DECIDEDLY LARGER FLOWERS. . . . THAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE NOW-POPULAR AND WIDELY-GROWN *A. arachnoidea superba*"—WHICH WE SHOW HERE.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

was among them? That was the origin of the now-popular and widely-grown *A. arachnoidea superba*.

Androsace sarmentosa is, in effect, a gigantic edition of *A. arachnoidea*, with fine heads of rose-pink blossom, and the pleasing habit of increasing by sending out strawberry-like runners, each carrying a rosette ready to root when it touches earth. There are several varieties of *A. sarmentosa*, such as *A. s. chumbyi*, rather smaller, silkier and with flowers of a

the easiest of all to grow, with its small rosettes of glossy green leaves and erect, irregular umbels of snow-white flowers on 2 to 3-in. stems. It is some years since I saw *Androsace strigilosa*, but I suppose, and hope, it is still in cultivation. There would be no excuse for its passing out of cultivation, for it is a handsome and attractive species, and in no way difficult to grow and to keep. It is quite unlike any other *Androsace* that I know, with its big, broad, velvety leaves, and thick, almost woody trunks as thick as a pencil. The heads of pink flowers, looking not unlike those of *A. sarmentosa*, are carried on 6-in. stems.

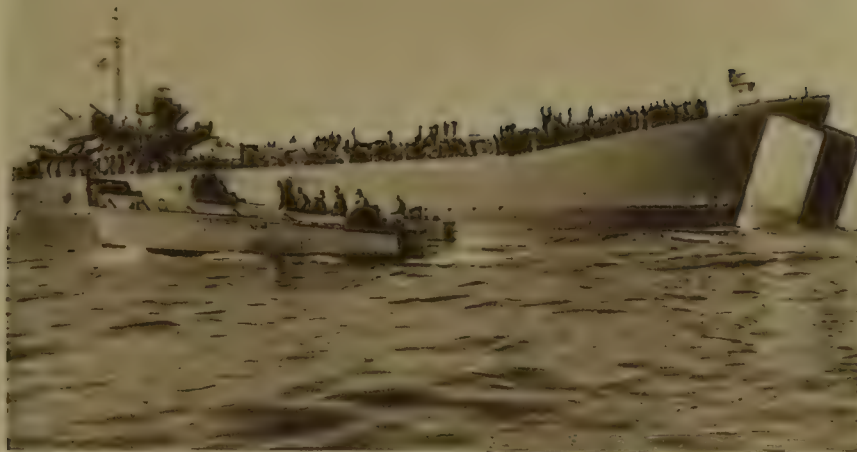
The best of all *Androsaces*—the best, that is, as an all-round garden plant—is *A. lanuginosa*. It forms spreading mats of trailing stems, clothed with silky grey-green leaves and, flowering with tremendous freedom from June till autumn, is one of the most useful of all Alpines. The verbenalike flowers open pale pink with yellow eyes, and fade to almost white with crimson eyes. The whole effect of the flowers—which are carried in neat, rounded heads on 3-in. stems—is of palest lilac-pink. It is the easiest thing in the world to grow if you can forget the awe-inspiring name *Androsace* and refrain from fussing it. Plant in any decent well-drained loam, and place it on a slope for preference, so that gravitation may assist its passion for trailing, and it soon spreads into a prosperous rug of silky leaf and pale-pink blossom. It is excellent, too, for the wall garden, as well as for spilling from the edge of a sink or trough garden. In such a position I have had it hanging down for a good yard in length.

Two years ago I planted three or four specimens of *A. lanuginosa* on the top of a little stone wall surrounding a small sunk garden. Already they have spread into a grand clump. This year they are flowering with the reckless profusion shown in the photograph, which was taken in early July, and they will carry on that display until September. Any Alpine which will flower, and flower beautifully, for so long is truly valuable, and one which does this in mid- and late summer is a real boon to the rock-gardener. There are, of course, many more *Androsaces* than I have mentioned here. These are just a few favourites from among those which I have grown—or killed.

THE AMERICAN LANDING AT POHANG: AN UNOPPOSED AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION.



AMERICA'S FIRST LANDING OPERATION SINCE WORLD WAR II.: TROOPS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION WADING ASHORE AT POHANG IN FULL BATTLE EQUIPMENT.



THE U.S. LANDING AT POHANG, SOUTHERN KOREA: AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A TANK LANDING CRAFT, WITH HER "DOORS" OPEN, TWO "DUCKS" HEAD FOR THE SHORE.



THE UNITED STATES 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION ADVANCES THROUGH THE STREETS OF POHANG AFTER THE DIVISION HAD MADE AN UNOPPOSED LANDING NEAR THE PORT.



WITH GENERAL PATTON'S "SWAGGER CANE" TO BRING HIM LUCK: MAJOR-GENERAL H. R. GAY, COMMANDER OF THE U.S. 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION, ON THE GUNWALE OF A LANDING BARGE.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER LANDING THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION PRESSED INLAND, AND HERE TROOPS OF THE DIVISION ARE SEEN WAITING TO BOARD A TRAIN FOR THE BATTLE FRONT.

On July 18 the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division—a famous Division, with a fine record in the Admiralty Islands and at Leyte, and in the campaign that liberated Manila—landed in Korea at Pohang, some sixty miles north of Pusan, in the first U.S. amphibious operation since World War II. The landing was unopposed and the Division immediately moved some seven miles inland, on its way to the front of operations. Its commander was Major-General H. R. Gay, who was the late General Patton's Chief of Staff from the fighting in North Africa until the end of the war. Despite its name, the 1st Cavalry Division is a mechanised infantry organisation. The organisation and completion of the movement from Japan was carried out in



EQUIPPED FOR BATTLE AND CARRYING TANK-DESTROYING "BAZOOKAS," TROOPS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION ARE SEEN MAKING THEIR FIRST LANDING IN KOREA—AT POHANG.

the extremely short time of ten days; and the transports travelled, protected by light destroyers and aircraft, through waters where, according to the commander of the escort, submarines were all around them. The Division was prepared to make a landing by force if necessary, but their landing was unopposed, and most of the troops and supplies were able to go ashore by means of a stone pier. By July 27 the troops of this Division were in the thick of the fighting between Yongdok and Taegu, where they were reported to have inflicted heavy losses on the North Korean forces. On July 28 there was a relative lull in this sector, but North Korean forces were believed to be massing for a further assault.

THE prolonged defence of the Kum River line and of Taejon afforded the United States command an invaluable respite in the defence of Southern Korea. At one moment it did not seem possible that resistance would last as long as proved to be the case. The sorely-tried 24th Division withdrew across the river on July 12. Two days later, on July 14, it was reported that a little body of North Koreans, perhaps only a hundred or two strong, had made a lodgment on the left bank. This was trifling in itself, but in the defence of rivers, such minor beginnings often portend collapse. Here, however, nothing of the kind occurred. The enemy, it is true, speedily increased the extent of his holding and the strength of his forces on the southern side of the Kum, and the American troops were pressed back on Taejon. But the intervention of the air forces on an increased scale prevented him from bringing his armour over in force. He may also have run into trouble over fuel supply and maintenance. The Taejon front held for a week, and even after the loss of the town was reconstituted only about four miles farther south.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

A NEW PHASE IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS.

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

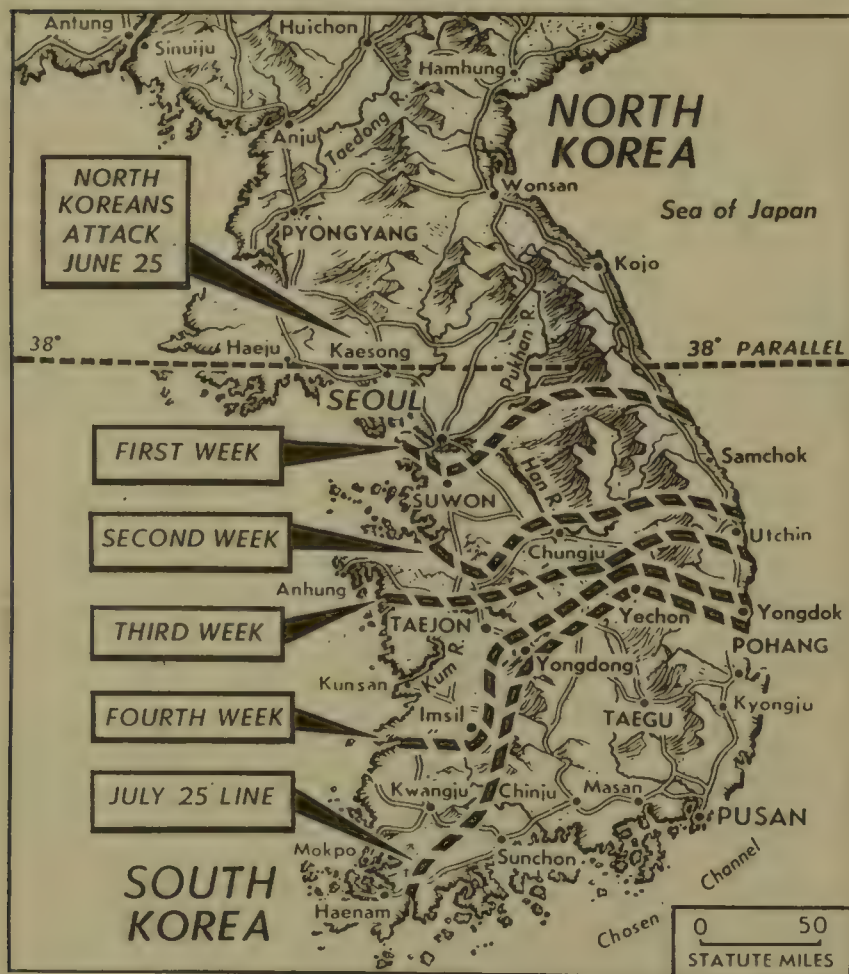
regular troops ought to be relieved of some of the burden. In any case, troops operating in a strange country, where they know neither the language nor the types of the population, are not the best fitted for the task. Local men are much more suitable. Here detachments of South Koreans in touch with the intelligence service are what is needed. Only if the guerillas have appeared in force so as to threaten blockage at some point on the lines of communication should the regulars be called upon to do more than maintain their alertness and be prepared to defend themselves.

The start of the campaign created great and natural anxiety. I personally have never felt as pessimistic about it as a number of other commentators, though I have constantly asked myself whether there were factors known to them and unknown to me which would justify their view rather than mine. We were all of us hampered by lack of knowledge, and in this country more than in the United States. Besides, in war there is always the imponderable, the elements which can be assessed only roughly and in the abstract. At the time of writing, however, both official and unofficial opinion in the United States, in Japan, and in South Korea itself, has shown itself to be far more confident. The situation has undoubtedly improved, though a further period of hard adversity may well be in store. The Communists have in all probability the capacity to launch a further powerful offensive long before these words appear. The prospect is that the front, instead of running from east to west, as it has up to the time of writing, will then run from north-east to south-west, the low-lying ground in the west having been abandoned. Yet there seems no possibility of an American counter-offensive on a big scale for a long time to come, and no one can guess what may happen elsewhere meanwhile.

I have previously expressed the opinion that by far the greatest danger is that of an extension of the conflict. I cannot now pretend that this seems in any way diminished—rather the reverse. American resources have been drawn into the struggle in this obscure part of the world on a perilous scale. If Russia has been aiming at more than she has been generally credited with having in mind—to exhaust, perplex, and distract her opponents—she has certainly by now provided herself with opportunities for more aggressive action. I am not criticising the steps taken by the United States Government. Having issued a pledge to uphold the South Korean Republic and thus deeply committed its prestige in the Far East, it did well to fight; though I am inclined to reserve judgment as to whether it was prudent in the circumstances to remain entangled in Korea at all. In any case, though the strategic importance of Korea may be worthy of respect, it is manifestly not first class. Yet this is the corner into which a large proportion of the peacetime strength of the United States, already perilously low, has been and is still being directed. Looked at from this point of view, the danger must be apparent to those who have been most optimistic about the immediate intentions of Soviet Russia.

There is another serious consideration. A friend, after reading about President Truman's plans, remarked to me: "Don't you think it is unwise of Russia to bring about rearmament in the United States?" I agreed that this seemed to be happening and that it might prove to have been unwise. Yet it can be seen in a different light. Supposing that the Kremlin decided to regard rearmament as provocation and that, though Russia could further strengthen herself by waiting, she would never again find herself in so favourable a position as now with respect to the United States, then the very promise of rearmament would involve a new danger of war. Our strength is very much less than that of the United States, but if only because our dozen Territorial divisions are but at the start of their career and would be considerably more efficient in a few years' time, the same reasoning might be applied to us and, indeed, to several other nations. There may be strong reasons why Russia should hold off, but there are certainly temptations to her to do the opposite. Will she wait? That is the question asked by M. Paul Reynaud at the recent meeting of the United Europe Movement in London, and left unanswered. No one can answer it with certainty.

Nevertheless, there is no alternative to the strengthening of the forces of democracy. It is indeed tragic to consider how they were allowed to fade away, almost to disappear, in the years immediately after the Second World War, though before that conflict came



THE CAMPAIGN IN KOREA: A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE ENEMY ADVANCE DURING THE FIRST FOUR WEEKS OF THE FIGHTING AGAINST THE INVADERS BY OUTNUMBERED U.S. AND SOUTH KOREAN FORCES.

Captain Cyril Falls, discussing the progress of the fighting in Korea, points out that the prolonged defence of the Kum River line and of Taejon (which fell to the invaders on July 20 after fierce tank and infantry attacks) has "afforded the United States Command an invaluable respite in the defence of Southern Korea." Fierce assaults were made on the Taejon-Yongdong road on July 23-24, and on July 25 it was announced that Yongdong, central sector city and pivot of the U.S. defence area, had fallen, and that a threat was developing in the extreme south-west from the Communist 4th Division.

This respite was effectively used. The 25th Division arrived in Korea, presumably through the port of Pusan. The 1st Cavalry Division made a landing, which it was thought might have to meet opposition, but in fact did not, on the east coast. A consignment of the anti-tank rocket-launchers was flown out and reached the troops. These were gains which could be revealed to the world. Apart from them, it can be taken for granted that the whole administrative or logistic development reaped a benefit. I have already pointed out the supreme importance of this feature of the campaign. It represents the one great danger which the defence has had to face, that of finding itself unable for want of time to deploy sufficient strength. This danger has been lessened. Much of the credit must be awarded to the relatively raw troops of the army of occupation of Japan, unused to war, coming straight from soft living, hurried up country and into action in small bodies in an attempt to gain time. A gain of time resulted, though at the cost of severe suffering and considerable loss, as so often happens in the case of the forces of a democracy in the first phase of a war.

It must, none the less, be realised that three divisions fill up but a small space in a country approximately as wide as England between Bristol and Dover. By this I do not mean that the South Korean forces are to be left out of account. They appear to have made a notable measure of recovery in view of the hammering they have suffered and their heavy losses in prisoners and material. The main weight of the fighting must, however, continue to fall upon the Americans. The campaign of South Korea is one of open warfare in its extreme form, which is rarely to be seen except when the land forces are thin in proportion to the extent of the theatre of war. On the other hand, the country is very much broken except in the area of paddy-fields west and south-west of Taejon. The roads are not numerous and pass through a number of defiles. As a result, there is a tendency for operations and movement to be confined to corridors, though this is not so pronounced as in countries where the land rises to greater heights. South Korea is not in the true sense a theatre of mountain warfare, and the Americans have far more ground to cover than would be the case if it were.

By the time this article is read, the small Marine Division which is on its way from the United States may have reached the scene of action and strength in carrier-borne aircraft will have increased. Will that much reinforcement suffice even for the needs of the moment? It is not easy to answer the question, because an answer must depend largely on the success of the air arm in holding up North Korean transport and lowering the spirit of the hitherto successful and confident aggressor by battering him without ceasing. I shall be neither surprised nor unduly perturbed if by that time the area of operations has been considerably narrowed by further withdrawals. The enemy is penetrating deeply into the south-west area, hardly opposed. The important consideration is that he should be prevented from pressing too close upon Pusan and that the port should not be seriously bombed from the air. North Korean air activity has slightly increased, but it is doubtful whether the North Koreans could fly many more aircraft than they have used so far, even if Soviet Russia were to supply them. Russian airmen might intervene; but that would give the campaign a very different and a more sinister appearance. So long as they do not, heavy bombing of Pusan seems unlikely.

Another danger, of which I have not written previously, is that of guerilla troops penetrating the wide gaps between units of the defence and assailing them in rear. In the



A BRAVE AMERICAN SOLDIER REPORTED MISSING AFTER THE BATTLE OF TAEJON: MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. DEAN (RIGHT), COMMANDER OF THE 24TH DIVISION, WITH LIEUT-GENERAL WALTON H. WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE U.S. FORCES IN KOREA.

Major-General William F. Dean was reported missing after the battle of Taejon on July 20. He was last seen personally leading a tank-destroying squad armed with the newest type of rocket-launcher (bazooka). It will be remembered that Lieut-General Walton H. Walker's appointment as Commander of the United States Forces in Korea was announced on July 14.

to an end the unfriendliness and fierce ambition of Soviet Russia had become only too apparent. In this country too, the insensate taxation of middle and higher incomes has eaten up the source which prudent policy would have kept in reserve for an emergency. Enormous sums have been spent upon defence, but both in the United States and the United Kingdom they have purchased only a skeleton defence, which will need a great deal more expenditure if it is to become effective. The Minister of Defence has just warned us against panic. I have seen no sign of that, but I do find cause for anxiety when I think of battalions of Britons posted beside divisions of Russians in Austria, and not dissimilar conditions elsewhere. At least, if the Korean affair is wound up satisfactorily without worse befalling, it is to be hoped that our rulers will not sink back into a state of equanimity. The fitting comment will be, not "Thank heaven that's all over!" but: "Well, now I can't say in future that I've not been warned."

THE WAR IN KOREA: AN AMERICAN PATROL ROUNDS UP A GUERILLA.



ADVANCING THROUGH THICK UNDERGROWTH: AN AMERICAN "G.I." COVERING WITH HIS CARBINE A KOREAN IN CIVILIAN DRESS, SUSPECTED OF BEING A GUERILLA.



SEARCHING HIS PRISONER: THE AMERICAN SOLDIER HAS CONDUCTED HIM TO A MORE OPEN PIECE OF GROUND FOR THIS OPERATION AFTER MAKING THE ARREST.



DISCOVERED BY THE UNITED STATES PATROL: THE GUERILLA'S WEAPON, A JAPANESE LUGER-TYPE PISTOL AND AMMUNITION FOR A RIFLE, LATER DISCOVERED.

The guerilla "nuisance" in the Korean fighting has increased with the advance of the enemy towards the south. At first little indication of a Fifth Column in South Korea was observed, but, in the last week or so, more snipers in civilian dress have been reported, as well as raids by guerilla bands. These men sometimes masquerade



UNDER GUARD BY A DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES TROOPS: THE ARRESTED KOREAN GUERILLA, WHO WILL BE TAKEN DOWN THE LINE FOR QUESTIONING.

as refugees, and it is not easy for troops unacquainted with the language of Korea or the types of the inhabitants to recognise them, but at times they are successful in doing so. Our photographs record the capture of a guerilla by an American patrol. He attempted to conceal his weapons, but the United States troops discovered them.



THE ADMIRAL'S DAY CABIN

LORD NELSON'S SLEEPING COT



THE WARD ROOM

THE HARDSHIPS OF NAVAL LIFE IN LORD NELSON'S DAY AND THE COMFORT ENJOYED IN A MODERN

In times of stress or discomfort people are apt to remind each other that after all "it is worse for those at sea." If this phrase is meant to convey that a sailor's lot is not a happy one, then it is time that this expression was assigned to limbo, for conditions at sea to-day, both above and below deck, are very different from those of the last century. On these and the following two pages we reproduce drawings made by our Special Artist, C. E. Turner, which illustrate the difference in living conditions on board Britain's largest battleship, *Vanguard*. All the drawings were made by our Artist on board *Victory* and *Vanguard*, thanks to special facilities which were granted by the Admiralty. The first drawing shows a corner of Lord Nelson's Day Cabin in the stern of

Victory and the entrance to the starboard quarter gallery. The deck is covered with sailcloth painted in black and white checked pattern; and there is ample headroom. Lord Nelson's sleeping cot is typical of the type used by senior officers of the Royal Navy at this period. *Victory's* Ward Room (bottom, left) was used by senior officers and situated beneath the Admiral's cabin. It was a large, well-lit room, with stern windows of horn to withstand the shock of gunfire. Small sleeping cabins were arranged to larboard and starboard, being divided from the dining-room by light temporary partitions of elm, which were removed to the hold when the ship was in action to reduce flying splinters. The wood casing, seen beyond the dining-table, covered the rudder-head. The Admiral's quarters in a modern battleship, *Vanguard*, present a rather different

Drawings made on board H.M.S. "VICTORY" and H.M.S. "VANGUARD" at PORTLAND by our Special



THE ADMIRAL'S DAY CABIN AND DINING ROOM



THE WARD ROOM

BATTLESHIP: CONDITIONS FOR OFFICERS AS THEY WERE IN VICTORY AND AS THEY ARE IN VANGUARD.

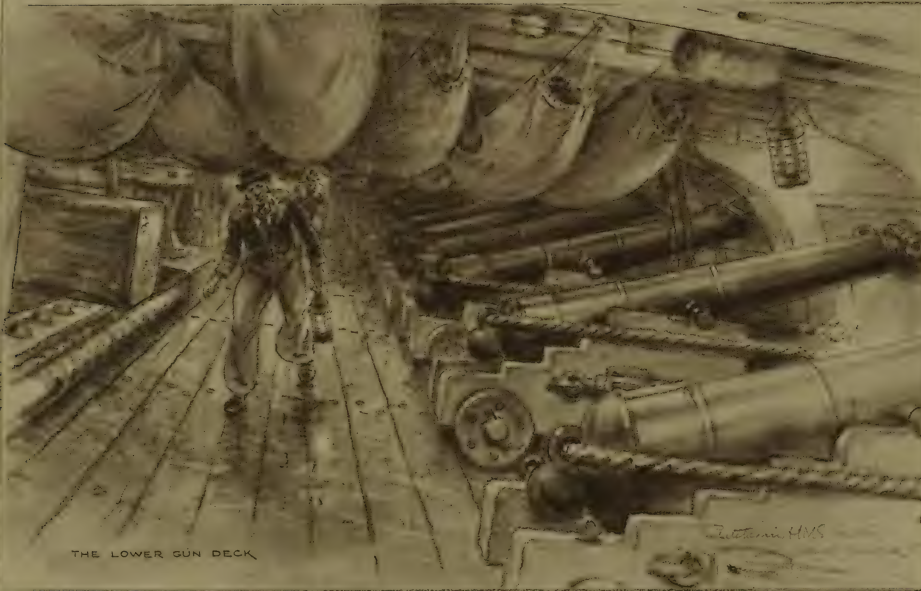
picture. In the foreground is the Day Room, from which the sketch was made, with the Dining Room and the Admiral's study beyond. The furniture is of polished mahogany, with floral patterned upholstery, warm, grey carpets and cream-painted bulkheads. This suite was occupied by the Royal family during the voyage to South Africa. The Ward Room, the senior officers' quarters in *Vanguard* (bottom, right), shows, in the foreground, the Ante Room—from which the sketch was made—with the Dining Room beyond, the two rooms being normally divided by the curtain (left). The colour scheme is in cream paint with red leather upholstery, and there are patterned carpets and curtains. Brass cartridge-cases are used as ash-trays. *Vanguard*, completed in 1946 at a cost of £9,000,000, exclusive of 16-in. guns and mountings, has a peacetime

complement of 1600 and in wartime 2000. After the Royal tour to South Africa, February to May, 1947, she was refitted at Devonport. *Vanguard* was operational from January to July, 1949, followed by special trials. She is now a training-ship at Portland. H.M.S. *Victory*, launched 183 years ago, is still in commission as the Flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. Forty years after her first commissioning, she was Lord Nelson's flagship at the Battle of Trafalgar, and was subsequently stationed at Portsmouth in 1912, where she has remained ever since. Between 1922 and 1926, under the direction of the Society for Nautical Research, the famous flagship was restored to the appearance which she bore at the time of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. During the war *Victory* was closed to the public, but she was reopened at the end of 1945.

Artist, C. E. TURNER, to whom SPECIAL FACILITIES WERE GRANTED BY THE ADMIRALTY.



A SEAMAN'S MESS



THE LOWER GUN DECK



THE FORWARD SERVICE



A SEAMAN'S MESS



THE CINEMA



A DINING HALL

THE HARDSHIPS OF NAVAL LIFE IN LORD NELSON'S DAY AND THE COMFORT ENJOYED IN A MODERN

Apart from the great changes since Nelson's day in the standard of accommodation for senior officers in ships of the Royal Navy, illustrated on the preceding two pages, there has been an even more striking improvement in the living conditions on the lower deck. When *Victory* was at sea, sailors were divided into small messes of eight to twelve men, each mess having a narrow, temporary swinging table which was slung between the guns. One of their number was appointed "mess cook" for a week, and he drew the food—meat, peas, oatmeal and bread or biscuits—and at supper-time "grog" of which his perquisite was a double ration. Each sailor owned a knife, spoon, bowl and plate. The mess was the one place in the ship where the men could talk cheerily and without

restraint, but the food was usually of very poor quality. In the lower Gun Deck (bottom, left) the heaviest guns were mounted in long batteries of thirty 32-pounder guns, and when in action this was the scene of the fiercest fighting. In the left of the drawing can be seen the shot-rack with clean round shot and the great 24-in. cable and bits. At sea the ports were tightly closed and the guns at maximum elevation were "run in," the muzzles being lashed securely above the closed ports. In spite of this the water still came in, making the deck very wet. In these miserable conditions 225 men fought, fed and slept. Sixteen inches was the space allowed for hammocks, which were slung by cords to cleats nailed to overhead deck beams. As, however, larboard and

BATTLESHIP: CONDITIONS FOR RATINGS AS THEY WERE IN VICTORY AND AS THEY ARE IN VANGUARD.

starboard watches were berthed together and slept alternately, there was usually ample space at sea. *Victory's* total complement was 850 officers and men. Lower-deck life on board a modern warship presents a very different picture to-day, as can be seen from the drawings made on board *Vanguard* (right). In the Forward Servery, run on the cafeteria principle, food is served out to the mess cooks or representatives of each Dining Hall. On receiving the food the "cooks" call out the mess numbers, which are recorded to prevent repetition of service. The food, which is varied and ample, is conveyed to the tables in wire carriers. In the seamen's messes, ratings are "at ease" to converse, read, or write. Hammocks are slung here and in other "flats" in the ship. The

sketch (top, right) was made at night with some of the watch below "turned in." The cinema, unknown in the time of Nelson, provides instruction and recreation. The drawing was made during the projection of a 16-mm. instructional film on anchor work. A programme of story films with sound is also provided. The ratings' dining-halls are situated on the main deck, and our drawing shows one of the largest, No. 6, which seats more than 100 men. The sketch was made prior to the service of the mid-day meal when messmen and service boats crews were eating at one table. The seats are fitted with red leather cushions, the tables being covered with white glazed cloth. All the bulkheads are painted white and the decks are covered with brown cortesine.

DRAWINGS MADE ON BOARD H.M.S. "VICTORY" AT PORTSMOUTH, AND ON BOARD H.M.S. "VANGUARD" AT PORTLAND

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, TO WHOM SPECIAL FACILITIES WERE GRANTED BY THE ADMIRALTY.



AN OCEAN TERMINAL WITHOUT RIVAL IN THE WORLD: SOUTHAMPTON'S GREAT NEW RECEPTION STATION, WITH THE HUGE BULK OF THE QUEEN MARY ALONGSIDE TO INDICATE THE VAST SCALE.

July 31 was the day arranged for the Prime Minister to open the great new Ocean Terminal at Southampton. This impressive and beautiful reception station—a new and magnificent entry to Great Britain for Transatlantic passengers—stretches along a quarter of a mile of quayside, and it is considered to be without a rival in the world. During the opening ceremony—when Mr. Attlee was to be accompanied by Lord Hurcomb, Chairman of the Transport Commission, and

Sir E. Missenden, Chairman of the Railway Executive—it was arranged that the world's largest liner, the R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, should lie alongside the new Terminal, even her great length of 1031 ft. being less than the Terminal's 1297 ft. It was expected that the Terminal would go into operation almost immediately after the ceremony, and that the world's largest liners would soon be lying alongside. Their passengers would go straight, by means of the

telescopic gangway, into spacious and comfortable waiting-halls on the first floor, where they would find buffets, telegraph and cable facilities, a travel bureau, a post office, money exchange and many other amenities to occupy their time while luggage is swiftly unloaded and alphabetically sorted. Customs halls are also on this floor, and when successfully "through," passengers and luggage are transferred to the ground floor for their departure by the waiting trains or cars.

The Terminal accommodates two full-length trains and there are ample car parks with a gratory system at both ends of the building. The detailed working of the Terminal is shown in our drawing, but an interesting feature which may be mentioned in this brief account is the spacious second-floor balcony, from which visitors can watch the arrival or departure of their friends. The tower at one end of the Terminal forms a pleasing landmark and contains the watertight offices.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS.

WHERE HORSEMEN OF FIVE NATIONS COMPETED: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE WHITE CITY.



(LEFT.)
WINNERS IN THE
NOVICE HUNTERS
CLASS: MRS. HAR-
COURT WOOD'S
BALDWIN (RIDDEN
BY COUNT ROBERT
ORSIGN), FIRST;
MR. H. N. HALDINE'S
BARITONE, SECOND;
AND MISS DOMINI
LAWRENCE'S
FALCONER
(L. TO R.).

(RIGHT.)
RECEIVING MISS
BROTHERS' CUP
FROM PRINCE
BERNHARD:
LIEUT.-COLONEL
LLEWELLYN ON
FOXHUNTER. HE ALSO
WON THE KING
GEORGE V. CUP.



THE GREAT AND SPLENDID INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: WINNERS, AND COMPETITORS OF NOTE.

(LEFT.)
RECEIVING THE
TROPHY FROM
THE DUKE OF
NORTHUMBERLAND:
MISS W. MAGNAY,
WINNER, JUVENILE
JUMPING
CHAMPIONSHIP, ON
HARBAR.

(RIGHT.)
THE BRITISH
TEAM WHICH WON
THE PRINCE OF
WALES CUP:
LT.-COL. LLEWELLYN
(FOXHUNTER),
MR. BRIAN BUTLER
(FANFARD),
MR. W. H. WHITE
(SIEFFEL), AND
CAPT. WATHEM
(STRATFORD).



A FAMOUS HORSEMAN AND HIS EQUALLY FAMOUS HORSE: LIEUT.-COLONEL
H. LLEWELLYN TAKING A JUMP ON FOXHUNTER.

THE thirty-first
International
Horse Show presented
by the British Horse
Society, which was
held at the White
City Stadium from
July 22-28, had a
Royal opening, as on
the Saturday their
Majesties the King
and Queen attended.
They were received
by the Duke of Beau-
fort, Master of the
Horse, the president
of the Show, and
Colonel V. D. Wil-
liams, chairman of
the Committee, and
they drove round the
arena in an open
carriage drawn by
Windsor greys and
preceded by scarlet-
coated outriders
before taking their
seats in the Royal
box. A picturesque
Pageant of Horse-
men, which ranged
from Ancient Britons
to members of a
modern Pony Club,
was given daily, and
there was a record
entry of 1400 ex-
hibits. Horsemen of
five nations competed.

(Continued opposite.)



THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE 31ST INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT THE WHITE CITY



STADIUM: THE KING AND QUEEN WALKING FROM THE ARENA TO THE ROYAL BOX.

Continued:
in the jumping, and
the International
teams were played
into the grounds by
the mounted band of
the Royal Horse
Guards in their yel-
low State uniforms,
each team entering
to its own National
Anthem. The jump-
ing was excellent,
and Lieut.-Colonel
Llewellyn's victories
in the severe *Puis-
sance* test for the
Moss Brothers' Cup
and in the King
George V. Cup with
his famous *Foxhunter*
were extremely popu-
lar. Remarkably
good horsemanship
was displayed by the
competitors in the
Juvenile Champion-
ship and Miss Jill
Paltheorpe—making
her first appearance
in an International
contest at the age of
seventeen—made a
fine win in the Prin-
cess Elizabeth Cup
with a score of only
three faults. Last
year's winner, Miss
Iris Kellett, was
second on *Rusby*.



THE WINNER OF THE JUVENILE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS WENDY
MAGNAY, AGED THIRTEEN, TAKING A JUMP ON HER HARBAR.



(LEFT.)
WINNER OF THE
PRINCESS ELIZA-
BETH CUP: MISS
JILL PALTHEORPE
ON HER GREY
GLADING SIFTER
CLOUD. AGED
SEVENTEEN, THIS
WAS HER FIRST
APPEARANCE IN
AN INTERNATIONAL
COMPETITION.

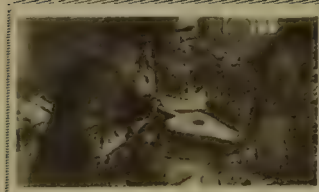
(RIGHT.)
TAKING ONE OF
THE JUMPS IN THE
SELBY CUP: MISS
IRIS KELLETT ON
RUSBY. SHE TOOK
THE FIRST TWO
PLACES WITH HER
BETTY AND HER
STARLET.



(LEFT.)
ON *RETTY* AND
LEADING *STARLET*:
MISS IRIS KELLETT,
WHO TOOK THE
FIRST TWO PLACES
IN THE SELBY CUP
AND WAS SECOND
IN THE PRINCESS
ELIZABETH CUP
WITH *RETTY*.

(RIGHT.)
WITH *CAMERA*
(LEFT) AND *IRON*,
WHICH SHE
EXHIBITED JOINTLY
WITH HER MOTHER,
MRS. F. M.
SMYTHE: MISS
PAT SMYTHE.
A RISING YOUNG
HORSEWOMAN AGED
TWENTY-ONE.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A BUTTERFLY'S HEARING—AND OTHER INSECT MYSTERIES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was a cottage garden, and small lumps of concrete lined the concrete path leading to the wooden fence. A butterfly settled on the fence, and I went forward to have a closer look at it. With my attention on the butterfly, my foot touched a lump of loose concrete and sent it clattering over the path. Immediately the butterfly reacted, started as if to fly off, but as I stood stock still it settled down again. Now, I had never credited a butterfly with the ability to hear, so clearly some tests were needed to see why the insect had been startled. I swung my foot again, silently, taking care this time not to touch the loose concrete. The butterfly remained quiescent. Again I swung my foot, this time to make the concrete rattle over the path. Once again, the butterfly gave a sudden flick of the wings, as if to fly away. Repeating these actions alternately several times, it soon became clear that movement with no noise caused the butterfly no alarm; movement with noise caused a sudden and violent reaction.

According to E. B. Ford: "It has been shown that caterpillars of several groups (*e.g.*, *Nymphalidae* and *Pieridae*) respond to vibrations with frequencies from 32 to 1024 per second by moving the anterior part of the body. The organs responsible for this sense are certainly setae situated in that region, for if these are singed the reaction is no longer obtained. Adult butterflies undoubtedly have a faculty at least akin to hearing, as every collector must know." In spite of consulting several authoritative books on the subject, it was not possible to advance my fund of knowledge further.

In fact, Ford, in the quotation given above, seems almost voluble compared with other authors. It is, of course, possible to see the response to sound in the caterpillar of the Large Cabbage White butterfly (*Pieris brassicae*), which is, in one way, fortunate, for anyone wishing to repeat the observations will find abundant material at this time of the year. To prove that it is the setae—as the body-hairs are called—that are the receptors of sound-waves, various methods have been tried to put them out of action. Thus, if the setae of a caterpillar are singed, or sprayed with water from an atomiser, smeared with vaseline or

they are in ourselves. In addition, the sum total of our knowledge of their function is not great. The history of investigation into these things has followed the usual course. At first, the main interest was in collecting and naming butterflies. Indeed, for most lepidopterists this is still the main interest. Side by side with this, collectors noted, in a desultory manner, certain features of the behaviour of the animals they were collecting, and those who examined them in the laboratory noted certain features of their anatomy, speculated upon their use, and sought to link the known behaviour with the structure of the



THE "EARS" OF (ABOVE) A SHORT-HORNED GRASSHOPPER; AND (RIGHT) A FIELD CRICKET. THE APERTURE IN EACH CASE IS MARKED BY AN ARROW.

In the field cricket (*Gryllus campestris*) the tympanal organ (or "ear") is situated on the outer side of the tibia of the fore-leg, consisting of a ring of cuticle over which is stretched a drum-like membrane. In the short-horned grasshopper (*Stenobothrus*) the "ears" are on either side of the body at the base of the abdomen where it joins the thorax. Both sexes have "ears" but only the males can "talk."

special organs. Until fairly recent times, however, the emphasis has been on structure rather than function, and while much is known of structure, comparatively little is known of function, except where it is obvious by analogy with that in other animals. In the last fifty years, a good deal of experimental work has been done, and especially in the last thirty years, and some effort has been made to link our knowledge of structure with the results of laboratory tests and field-observations. The present position is that, although considerable advance has been made in linking form and function in most of the insect anatomy, our knowledge of the use of sense-receptors is comparatively slight.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when I questioned an eminent lepidopterist on this matter of "hearing" in insects, and in butterflies in particular, he was very guarded in his replies. Insects have not, of course, ears in our sense of the word; but certain insects, such as grasshoppers and crickets, have auditory organs of some sort which, in their structure, can be compared with our ear-drums. That is, they possess organs, or structures, consisting of a pit, situated on one of the legs, or on some other part of the body, with a tympanum, or thin skin, roofing the pit. But the entomologist is not even prepared to talk about them as auditory organs (and to use the word "ears" is completely taboo). At the most, he will admit that certain insects possess tympanal organs, and will confess that very little is known about their purpose or how they function.

A brief summary of what is known reveals some curious anomalies, as well as some interesting facts. Nobody needs to be told that grasshoppers and crickets, and the cicadas, can make sounds. Stridulating, it is more properly called. What is, perhaps, less generally known is that only the males do the "talking," though both sexes have organs of hearing—a very one-sided affair! In the short-horned grasshoppers the tympanal organs are one each side of the abdomen, near to where it joins the thorax. In the long-horned grasshoppers and the crickets, the tympanal organs are on the fore-legs. These can be readily seen with a hand-lens, but in the mole-cricket and the great

green grasshopper of Southern England, the tympanum is sunk beneath the surface of the body and communicates with the exterior by a narrow slit. So the "ear" is converted into a direction-finding apparatus, and it has been shown by several different kinds of experiments that these insects will move the body until the tympanal slit is at right-angles to the direction of the sound.

What is more surprising, however, is to learn that many moths have tympanal organs, though none of the moths stridulates. Some moths are without organs of hearing, notably the hawk moths and the clothes moth.

Butterflies, also, do not possess them. It has been suggested that the moths that do possess tympanal organs probably use them to perceive vibrations in the air, set up by the movement of the wings of other moths. This is, however, a good example of how purely speculative are our views on such matters, for although a good deal is known about the structure of tympanal organs in moths, of their function virtually nothing is known. Here is the opportunity for enthusiastic naturalists to probe an almost virgin field.

Before passing on, however, one would like to raise the question: If a moth perceives vibrations in the air, whether caused by the movement of the wings of other moths, or by the human larynx, can it not be said to hear? If not, wherein lies the difference between this process and true hearing, except it be one of degree?

To return now to the quotation from Ford—not to mention my butterfly on the fence: "Adult butterflies undoubtedly have a faculty at least akin to hearing, as every collector must know." Yet no tympanal organs have been located in butterflies. Presumably, therefore, by analogy with the sound-perception of the Cabbage White caterpillar, we should look for sensitive body-hairs as the receptors. Here then is another unprobed field for the enthusiast.

For my own part, I propose to look for every opportunity to carry out tests on butterflies sitting on fences, if only to test whether they start at the rumble of concrete on a path because of a vibration across the air or because of a tremor carried through



A POPLAR HAWK MOTH IN WHICH THE HOLES ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BODY ARE SPIRACLES OR BREATHING PORES, AND ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE "EARS" OR TYMPANAL ORGANS WHICH IN SOME MOTHS LIE BENEATH THE SCALES BETWEEN THE ABDOMEN AND THORAX.

Photographs by A. Harold Bastin.

dusted with a fine powder, the caterpillar, which previously responded by raising the end of its body, will no longer do so, no matter how much noise you may make.

So much for the caterpillar. My interest lay with the butterfly, and I was unable to obtain the answer very readily in this case. It seems that sense-receptors—that is, what we should call sense-organs in ordinary speech—are very different in insects from what



A PURPLE EMPEROR BUTTERFLY AT REST. BUTTERFLIES ARE NOT GENERALLY CREDITED WITH "HEARING" OR WITH ANY SPECIAL ORGANS LIKELY TO RENDER THEM SUSCEPTIBLE TO VIBRATIONS. DR. BURTON, ON THIS PAGE, SUGGESTS THAT SENSE-RECEPTORS, AS IN CERTAIN CATERPILLARS, MAY BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE BODY-HAIRS.

the earth, up the wooden fence and through the butterfly's feet.

Perhaps enthusiasts probing these fields will bear in mind another puzzle. The larva of the stag beetle, boring its way through rotten wood, also stridulates. It has been suggested that this is to warn another larva of its approach to avoid a head-on collision—but stag-beetle larvae have no special organs of hearing!



SHARING THE DOMESTIC DUTIES: A FEMALE RINGED PLOVER (*CHARADRIUS HIATICULA*) ON HER NEST IN A TYPICALLY EXPOSED POSITION ON A SANDY BEACH; AND THE MALE ON GUARD.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE COMPLETE SERIES OF THE RINGED PLOVER'S "DISTRACTION DISPLAY."

These remarkable photographs were taken in Suffolk, by the Rev. Edward A. Armstrong and are, he believes, the only complete set obtained of the various phases of the well-known "distraction displays" of the Ringed Plover (*Charadrius hiaticula*). He writes as follows:

BIRDS which nest on the ground isolated from others of their own species may fly at a human or animal intruder, swerving aside almost at the last moment, but it is much more usual for them to flutter away from the nest in a way

[Continued below, centre.]



THE START OF A "DISTRACTION DISPLAY" IN ORDER TO KEEP AN INTRUDER FROM THE NEST: A RINGED PLOVER IN THE FIRST PHASES OF INJURY-FEIGNING.



A MOST REALISTIC PERFORMANCE SIMULATING INJURY: THE BIRD CREEPS SLOWLY AWAY WITH ONE WING FLAPPING IN THE AIR AS IF IT WERE SERIOUSLY DISABLED.

[Continued.]

that suggests they are sick or wounded. Such "distraction displays" have been observed to deceive animals such as otters, stoats and snakes into following the apparently incapacitated bird. The ringed plover is one of the most realistic performers. When surprised on well-incubated eggs or with newly-hatched young, the bird goes flapping along the ground, its wings beating haphazardly, and then it heels over sideways, with one wing waving in the air, looking as if it were helpless. Follow it, however, and it struggles another few yards, and the procedure is repeated until, after the plover has enticed you some 30 yards or more,

[Continued below.]



A THREAT DISPLAY BY THE PLOVER GUARDING ITS NEST: SOMETIMES THE ATTITUDE IS A COMPROMISE BETWEEN THREAT AND DISTRACTION POSTURES.



AS IF TRYING TO "HIDE CONSPICUOUSLY": A MALE PLOVER PROCEEDING IN A CROUCHING MANNER, AS IF IT WERE TRYING TO LET THE INTRUDER NOTICE ITS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

[Continued.]

it flies up with a clear call and returns in a wide sweep to near where it was disturbed. This behaviour impresses the average observer as so artful that the performers are often described as "intelligent," but there is no doubt that it has been evolved over an immense period of time through the best exponents leaving most descendants. It is an inborn response which "goes off" as if a trigger were pulled. I found a pair of ringed plover nesting on the shingle, and by gradually accustoming them to my presence, I overcame their timidity to such an extent that at last I succeeded in getting one of the birds to incubate the eggs with my fingers amongst them and touching its breast. In spite of my thus gaining the bird's confidence, it would immediately begin the "distraction display" if I made a sudden movement. It was amusing to see it stop, draw itself up, shake out its plumage, as if to say, "All this pother about nothing," and trip back to the eggs although I

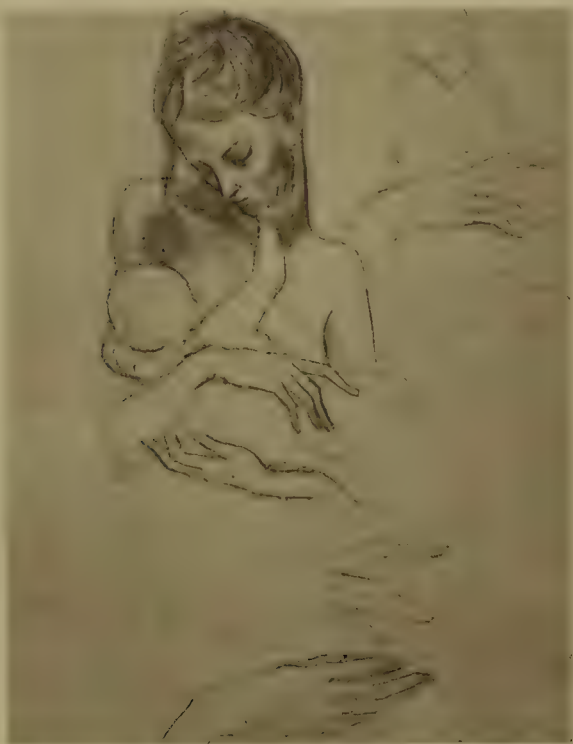


STRUGGLING ALONG: THE FEMALE RINGED PLOVER WAVES ONE WING IN THE AIR AND HOLDS THE OTHER AS IF IT WERE BROKEN.

was sitting beside them. It was evident that the ringed plover's behaviour was not "intelligent" in the sense in which the term is commonly used. Sometimes one of the birds made a feint flying attack and when a ringed plover was menacing another it would spread its tail as in the "injury-simulation" display. Such displays seem generally to incorporate postures from other forms of display, such as threat and courtship. The male performed "injury-simulation" less frequently and vigorously than the female, but he had a peculiar way of walking a few feet and then settling in the sand as shown in one photograph. It seemed as if he were trying to "hide conspicuously"—and, indeed, the crouching manner in which many birds leave their nests conveys the same impression. They appear momentarily on a small eminence, then run into a rut or hollow in such a manner as to catch the eye of a predator and yet give him the impression the bird is trying to run away unobtrusively.



TWO volumes, one devoted to French drawings only, the other concerned with all European schools, have just come from across the Atlantic. The format of each is worthy of its subject, and the examples chosen for illustration are all in American collections. Those very few of us who may still cherish the illusion that the United States began to take an interest in drawings far too late for the acquisition of any but secondary works can now revise their opinion. There are many in these two anthologies which bear comparison with the finest in Europe. It is, for example, well to be reminded that so rare a thing as a Van Dyck water-colour has been in the Pierpont Morgan Library for many years—the other seven recorded are in



"A MOTHER HOLDING A CHILD, AND FOUR STUDIES OF HER RIGHT HAND"; BY PABLO PICASSO (1881-). Study for the painting, "Family of Acrobats," in the Göteborgs Art Museum, Sweden. Of the early "blue period." [Black crayon on cream-coloured paper, 13½ ins. by 10½ ins. Paul J. Sachs Collection, Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University.]

English collections, four of them in the British Museum. The Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard owns about 800 drawings, and those belonging to other institutions and to private individuals must bring the total to many thousands. The first volume which is the subject of this notice—"One Hundred Master Drawings"—owes its origin to a notable exhibition arranged late in 1948 at the Museum in honour of Professor Paul Sachs, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The exhibition was entitled "Seventy Master Drawings," and for the purposes of this publication, the seventy have been expanded to one hundred. Both exhibition and book are a graceful compliment to a most distinguished connoisseur. The second—"Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America"—has no such personal background: it sets out to provide a picture-book which will tell the story of French draughtsmanship. In each volume each drawing is the subject of a separate note, and only one or two may cause the more old-fashioned among us to raise a quizzical eyebrow—I am thinking particularly of a very solemn comment upon one of the Picasso drawings. Who can deny that Picasso can draw like an archangel; or that some of his allegories are quite uncommonly silly, Goyaesque without that great man's profound sensitiveness to the sufferings of humanity? The tortuous and banal invention of "Two Figures on the Beach" (1933) provides, I suggest, a sorry contrast to the lovely fluid lines of the two preceding plates, "A Mother Holding a Child" and "Four Ballet Dancers," the one of 1904, the other 1925.

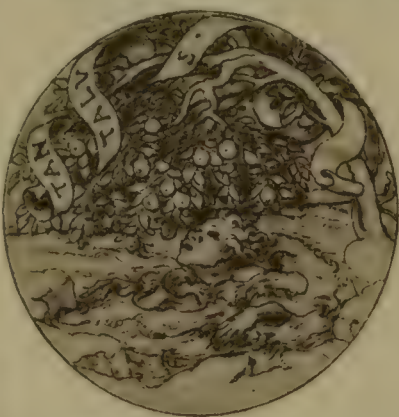
* "One Hundred Master Drawings." Edited by Agnes Mongan. (Harvard University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 48s. net.)
† "Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America." By Regina Shoelman and Charles E. Slatkin. Foreword by Charles Sterling. (Oxford University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 45s. net.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MASTER DRAWINGS IN AMERICA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

What is it that gives drawings, as distinct from paintings, their particular fascination? I have met some people who derive no pleasure from them, saying that they are no more interested in an artist's notes for some composition or other than in the jottings of a novelist before he pieces his theme together. That is what they have told me, and I find their point of

outside—he is writing a diary, one may say, not for his personal edification, but with a view to publication. This is specially the case with portrait drawings, of which many distinguished examples are illustrated, and as far as France is concerned, with other subjects, since François Boucher discovered that his slightest creation was to the taste of the times, as is pointed



"TANTALUS"; BY HANS HOLBEIN (1497-1543). The artist has chosen to illustrate the lines from Book XI. of Homer's "Odyssey" which Pope translated, beginning "There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds, Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds) Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves, And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves." [Pen and carbon ink with blue, green and light brown water-colour heightened with gold on buff paper. Diameter 2½ inches. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hofer.] The reproductions of Picasso drawings from "Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America"; the Holbein and Renoir drawings from "One Hundred Master Drawings"; by Courtesy of the Publishers.

view incomprehensible. To me, and others like me, the rapid preliminary sketch, or series of sketches, enables us to see the artist's hand in the very act of creation, as often as not before he has finally decided how to organise his picture. A singularly happy example is to be seen in the book devoted wholly to French drawings (Plate 32), where Lancret has set down in red chalk his ideas for two figures for *Le Déjeuner au Jambon*—figures of extraordinary freshness which, when translated into terms of paint, became almost dull by comparison. These kind of drawings, originally made not for pleasure, but for their author's self-discipline, have their own special interest. The other sort, those not made as a means to a more complicated end, but as finished works in their own right, as it were, demand—and deserve—a slightly different approach. Their author is not communing with himself but has an eye turned, though sometimes not consciously, towards the world



"TWO FIGURES ON THE BEACH"; BY PABLO PICASSO (1881-). During the summer of 1933 Picasso made some surrealist drawings. [Ink, 15½ ins. by 19½ ins. Inscribed Picasso, Cannes 28 Juillet XXXIII. Museum of Modern Art, New York.]

out in a note to the single Boucher composition in "One Hundred Master Drawings":

"Until Boucher's day, French drawings had been studies or notes for the painter's private use. If they later entered collectors' portfolios, it was fortuitous. They had not been created for collectors. Boucher however . . . began to make drawings to be framed in beautiful Louis XV. frames and hung in elegant boudoirs. . . ."

Many old friends will be found in these pages, among them, the magnificent "Portrait of an Ecclesiastic," by Jean Fouquet (in both volumes), which no one who visited Burlington House at the time of the French Exhibition in 1932, or saw it again at the Oppenheimer sale, is ever likely to forget—many old friends and a few unpublished drawings which will inevitably remain in the memory from now on. One of them, for example, ascribed to a follower of Roger Van der Weyden, is remarkable both for its beautiful draughtsmanship and its strange pattern, and for its subject, "Men Shovelling Chairs." On a semi-circular band four men with long-handled shovels are piling up chairs and stools (several of them, by the way, those turned triangular stools which every collector of old furniture longs to possess). The explanation of this puzzling procedure appears to be as follows: "In the world of proverbs a well-ordered arrangement of furniture symbolised a well-ordered, stratified society; and, conversely, its disarrangement an undeniable social upheaval. It is not good if stools jump over chairs, benches over tables—all of which means that the lower classes are not satisfied with their God-given position. . . ." The drawing, then, is a homespun satire on the repeated attempts to overthrow the social order—upsetting the furniture is a nice example of subversive activity. So much for the problems of the year 1460.

Another drawing which has not previously been reproduced is by Renoir—a miraculously delicate study of the Renoir family's faithful maid Gabrielle and the painter's favourite model. Gabrielle is holding the baby Jean in the centre, and the child's head appears again above and below. The baby is undecided whether to cry or to be interested in what is going on before his eyes. It is a tender and most moving study of childhood.

The above is a brief indication of the pleasures that await the owners of these two books. One hundred plates in one, 145 in the second—six centuries of all that is most distinguished in European draughtsmanship. I should mention that the "One Hundred" volume contains a brief and most useful glossary of materials, in which the technical terms normally used in catalogue descriptions are adequately defined. In many books of this high standard both of scholarship and printing the needs of those who are not wholly familiar with the various methods used are too often forgotten. Such a glossary is a most welcome appendix.



"GABRIELLE AND JEAN"; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). In this drawing Gabrielle, the Renoir family's faithful maid and Renoir's favourite model, holds young Jean, the painter's second son, and tries to distract him from imminent tears by calling his attention to the toy she holds in her hand. [Charcoal and black crayon over red crayon indications on white paper. 28½ ins. by 21 ins. Mrs. Murray S. Danforth. Providence.]



FIG. 1. PROBABLY THE FINEST KNOWN GREEK HELMET OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A MAGNIFICENT RAM'S HEAD HELMET, ACQUIRED BY THE ST. LOUIS MUSEUM AND METICULOUSLY RESTORED, BUT WITH ALL RESTORATIONS EASILY DETACHABLE.

The story of the discovery of this truly magnificent Greek helmet and its acquisition by the St. Louis City Art Museum is told overleaf by the Museum's Curator, Dr. T. T. Hoopes, who also contrasts it with comparable examples known. We are here concerned to describe the extent of the restoration done by Mr. Joseph Ternbach of New York. In the first place, after cleaning away corrosion, he assembled a number of fragments of silver sheet which had been found with the helmet and found that these indicated a crest of horse's-tail shape. He mounted the fragments on a sheet of plastic and filled in the gaps with modern silver sheet. He also added the three silver straps which strengthen the crest and which were clearly indicated on the surface of the original silver parts. The form of the crest suggested that it did not rest directly on the helmet but on a crest-holder, which was held by three lugs (of which traces remained on the helmet). For this crest-holder

Mr. Ternbach has used ivory, which seems probable in so elaborate a helmet. In addition, he supplied a replacement for the broken nose-piece and completed the ram's head with horns and ears, whose design was based on those shown in the cheek-pieces and also in the New York chariot design shown in Fig. 3. He also added the appliqué ivory eyes, which were obviously missing from the head and cheek-pieces. All the major restored parts are attached only by concealed clamps and can be removed at a moment's notice without injury to the helmet and the eyes and a few small fillings can also be removed without damage to the original. In fact, the helmet can be completely returned to its original condition within a few minutes if so desired. No attempt has yet been made to fill the hole on the right brow or the large area at the back. The above picture should be compared and contrasted with Figs. 7, 8 and 9 overleaf.



FIG. 2. WITH CHEEK-PIECES ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH THOSE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED HELMET NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE ST. LOUIS CITY ART MUSEUM: A GREEK HELMET IN THE NAPLES MUSEO NAZIONALE, WITH RAM'S HEAD CHEEK-PIECES BUT PLAIN TOP.

HIGH in the instep of the Italian boot, on the shore of the Gulf of Tarentum, lies the ancient Magna Græcian town of Metaponto, founded about 700 B.C. by a colony of Achæan Greeks from Sybaris and Crotona. Two centuries later, according to tradition, the Greek philosopher Pythagoras died there after his numerous and influential partisans had been overcome in military action by their conservative persecutors. It seems not impossible that some captain on one side or the other of this conflict wore a bronze helmet (Fig. 7) recently acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, U.S.A.

The helmet was excavated some time ago in an especially large and well-built tomb near Metaponto and was acquired by a private collector in Switzerland. From him it eventually came into the hands of a dealer and thence to the Museum. When it was excavated, there were found with it a considerable number of metallic fragments; these were fortunately retained throughout its wanderings and were

A SUPERB GREEK HELMET OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.:

THE STORY OF ITS DISCOVERY AND PARTIAL RESTORATION.

By Thomas T. Hoopes, Ph.D., Curator of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.



FIG. 3. A GREEK HELMET WITH PLAIN CHEEK-PIECES BUT CROWNED WITH A RAM'S HEAD, WHICH IN ITS TURN BEARS A PLAIN CURVED, OR ROACH, CREST: THE CORINTHIAN HELMET WHICH APPEARS ON THE ETRUSCAN CHARIOT IN THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

filled with composition by a previous owner. Both ears and horns of this ram's head were missing.

Yet in spite of these injuries, the helmet was a most impressive object. Originally formed (except for the appliques) from a single piece of bronze, it is a masterpiece of metal-working. The ornamental details are finished in repoussé and engraving with a delicacy truly Greek. Over the brow is an ornament simulating locks of hair and resembling that on a specimen described as the finest Attic helmet in the British Museum (Fig. 4). Like it, this hair ornament is surmounted at the middle of the frontal region by a fine palmette (Fig. 5). In the St. Louis helmet there are two additional rows of engraving—a guilloche above a pattern of contiguous flattened arches. The embossed lines, which in the London helmet merely give a suggestion of eyebrows, here are developed into graceful recurring lines which terminate as the heads of bearded serpents with open jaws and darting forked tongue (Fig. 6).

But it is the bold ram's head decoration which is the most distinguishing feature of this helmet. Although unusual, it is not unique. There is in the Museo Nazionale at Naples a helmet (Fig. 2) with cheek-pieces almost exactly similar to those of the St. Louis specimen. Moreover, on the famous Etruscan chariot of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, U.S.A. (Fig. 3), there appears the representation of a Corinthian helmet with plain cheek-plates but with a ram's head atop the bowl very similar to that at St. Louis.

The head on the chariot has both ears and horns. If we examine carefully the Metaponto helmet (after the encrustations have been removed), we see (Fig. 10) two circular areas showing distinct traces of solder: one, where the ear was formerly attached, and the other, the position of attachment of the horn. The absence of ears and horns accounts for the unfinished and un-ram-like appearance of the head in Fig. 8.

The Etruscan representation also suggests another idea, for above the ram's head is the indication of an elaborate crest in the style of the horsehair roach customarily used on Greek helmets of the more usual forms. Moreover, when we examined the large hole in the top of the ram's head we noted suggestions of the attachment, by means of three lugs, of some heavy object along the median line of the head. There is also a faint trace of discoloration



FIG. 4. AN ATTIC HELMET FROM MACEDONIA (NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM) IN WHICH THE ORNAMENT OVER THE BROW (WHICH SIMULATES LOCKS OF HAIR) IS VERY SIMILAR TO THAT IN THE NEWLY-FOUND ST. LOUIS HELMET. COMPARE THE DETAIL SHOWN IN FIG. 6.

(not solder) continuing the line of the three lugs downward along the median line of the back of the ram's neck. A ponderous crest could have been attached in just this way; it would, after the helmet had been used for some time and repeatedly cleaned and polished, have left just such a faint mark beyond the points of attachment and, years after burial of the helmet with the body of its wearer, its weight could easily have broken the eroded and weakened bronze of the helmet, so that the crest would tear away from its attachment, falling to the right and leaving a hole in the metal.

Let us now turn back to those scraps of flat silver previously mentioned. They are rather peculiar fragments, for they show here and there distinct marks of embossing in a few simple curved lines. Some of them show along one edge rivet-holes or the remains of tiny rivets. Like a picture puzzle, we piece the fragments together, and gradually there emerges a form—a distinct suggestion of a great silver crest!

As soon as the Museum acquired the helmet, it was sent off to the establishment in New York of Mr. Joseph Ternbach, an experienced and skilful restorer, who had previously assisted the Museum with his amazing dexterity in the treatment of ancient metal objects. He removed the corrosion encrustations and made visible the traces of solder at the points of attachment of ear and horn mentioned above, as well as the line of discoloration where the crest made contact with the neck of the ram's head. He also assembled the silver fragments and made one tentative restoration after another, guided by the broken edges of the fragments, the embossed curved lines on the silver, and the line of rivets indicating the edges of the crest. The silver plates were finished on one side only, the other was left rough. Preservation of the individual scraps of silver varied: some were in such good condition that they could be polished to an appearance almost like new; others were heavily corroded and brittle. In every case, however, it was possible to determine which side of each fragment was on the outside of the crest and by comparing this indication with those showing the relative location of the various pieces, Mr. Ternbach discovered that all the fragments but one belonged on the right-hand side of the crest (from the viewpoint of the wearer), while the remaining piece belonged on the left-hand side near the lower tip of the crest.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 5. DETAIL OF THE ENGRAVED AND REPOUSSÉ DECORATION OVER THE BROW OF THE ST. LOUIS HELMET—SEE ALSO FIG. 6. ABOVE THE CURLS IS A LINE OF FLATTENED ARCHES AND ABOVE THE RIM AN INTERLACED ENGRAVING WHICH ENDS IN A PALMETTE.

received with it. Upon examination they proved to be bronze fragments of a circular shield-rim and of a cuirass, together with a number of smooth, flat pieces of silver whose function was not immediately apparent.

The helmet's form is of the Attic type, which developed in the sixth century B.C. and differed from the earlier Corinthian style in leaving the ears free. The cheek-pieces are covered with repoussé bronze plates in the form of ram's heads. The top of the bowl is developed into the free-standing representation of a ram's head and neck.

The helmet as received (Fig. 8) was badly corroded and had suffered serious injuries. The lower edge was broken away, except in the left front part, and this injury extended to include much of the cranial part of the right side (Fig. 9). The nasal was broken off and lost, the right cheek-plate had been broken off and re-attached, there were holes in the right frontal and temporal regions, and there was a large hole in the right-hand upper part of the ram's head which forms the top of the helmet. This hole had been



FIG. 6. THE ST. LOUIS HELMET, SHOWING THE DECORATION ABOVE THE TEMPLE. THE HAIR-CURL ORNAMENT IS PLAINLY SEEN, AND WHAT IS ONLY AN EYEBROW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM HELMET (FIG. 4) HERE BECOMES A RECURVING SNAKE WITH OPEN JAWS.

UNIQUE IN DESIGN: THE ST. LOUIS HELMET BEFORE AND AFTER RESTORATION.



FIG. 7. THE MAGNIFICENT GREEK HELMET FOUND AT METAPONTO AND NOW IN ST. LOUIS CITY ART MUSEUM: AS IT IS NOW, WITH THE TENTATIVE RECONSTRUCTIONS.



FIG. 8. THE ST. LOUIS HELMET, BEFORE RESTORATION, FROM THE LEFT: THE COMBINATION OF RAM'S HEAD CHEEK-PIECE AND SUMMIT IS PROBABLY UNIQUE.



FIG. 9. THE ST. LOUIS HELMET, FROM THE RIGHT, BEFORE RESTORATION: SHOWING THE MOST DAMAGED PART AND THE COMPOSITION FILLING BEHIND THE EYE.

Continued from opposite page.]

When Mr. Ternbach finally found the relative location of all the pieces, there was enough to indicate almost completely the form of the crest, not the usual roach, but a shape strongly suggesting a horse's tail. The disposition and length of the old rivets indicated that the silver plates of the two sides of the crest had originally been attached to a core of leather or some similar semi-flexible material, which would provide support without undue rigidity. (Here the detailed description of Mr. Ternbach's work is omitted and a compressed account of his restorations appears under Fig. 1, page 222.) It is a question which the authorities of the City Art Museum are still pondering as to whether the damaged parts on the right of the



FIG. 10. A DETAIL OF THE RAM'S HEAD ON THE HELMET PEAK, SHOWING THE TWO CIRCLES, WHERE ORIGINALLY THE HORN AND THE EAR OF THE RAM WERE ATTACHED.

helmet should also be restored—a proceeding which would undoubtedly improve the natural appearance of the helmet but might also involve the suggestion of over-zealous restoration. At the present time, whatever has been done (except for cleaning) can, should it prove desirable, be removed in a few minutes, leaving no permanent trace. If it is decided to make a complete restoration of the missing parts, the same precaution will be observed. The helmet is being placed on public exhibition at the City Art Museum simultaneously with the publication of this issue of *The Illustrated London News*. Our archaeologically-inclined readers who have occasion to visit the United States are cordially invited to inspect it there.



The World of the Cinema.



CHOICE DOUBLE-BILLS.

By ALAN DENT.

ONE of the smaller and smarter London cinema houses, the Curzon, has lately—and for many weeks—been housing what I should like to call an almost ideal programme. This consisted solely and simply of "Bicycle Thieves" and "A Night at the Opera," cheek by jowl—Vittorio de Sica's cheek, as it were, by Groucho Marx's jowl. This was an inspired juxtaposition—a new semi-serious little masterpiece, that everyone wants to see at least once, in the same bill with an old riotous comedy that hardly anyone would confess to having seen too often.

This was, in short, a choice and thoughtful piece of programme-building. And another good example has just been proffered at the small and smart cinema-house called the Cameo-Polytechnic, nearly opposite the deplorable ruins of dear old Queen's Hall. This programme consists of a remarkable film called "Letter from an Unknown Woman"—a haunting, emotional film set in Vienna in the year



"LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN": A "HAUNTING, EMOTIONAL FILM SET IN VIENNA IN THE YEAR 1900." LISA (JOAN FONTAINE), AS A GIRL IN HER TEENS, AND THE CONCERT PIANIST STEFAN (LOUIS JOURDAN), WITH WHOM SHE FALLS IN LOVE.

The theme of "Letter from an Unknown Woman," a film most sensitively directed by Max Opuls, is unrequited love. Lisa, a girl of fifteen, becomes infatuated with a concert pianist, Stefan, who lives in the same apartment house as she and her mother, and her devotion lasts a lifetime.



"LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN": LISA (JOAN FONTAINE), NOW A CHARMING YOUNG GIRL, ATTRACTS STEFAN (LOUIS JOURDAN), THOUGH HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE OR REMEMBER HER.

Lisa falls in love with Stefan when she is in her teens, and when she has grown into an attractive young girl they meet again and become lovers. He does not remember having seen her before, and quickly forgets her, for their association is "no more to him than a mere interlude, or just another number added to his catalogue à la Don Giovanni."

1900—and "Movie Crazy," a film made by that wistful, blundering comedian, Harold Lloyd, in the early 1930's.

The director of the serious film is Max Opuls, a Viennese who, though working in Hollywood, has yet been adept and masterful enough to obtain a genuine Viennese atmosphere—at least, as genuine, to my senses, as that of "The Third Man," which was made in Vienna itself. Its story (adapted from a short novel by Stefan Zweig) is of a girl of fifteen who becomes infatuated with a professional pianist living and practising in a flat upstairs within the same apartment house. The pianist, Stefan, is still young, though at least double the age of his admirer, Lisa. A nimble modern wit has a memorable aphorism to the effect that "unrequited affections seem to us in youth to be immitigable woes—it is only when we reach old age that we realise the safe, sad charm of those bogus heart-breaks." But most of us are still young enough to remember that to the adolescent himself, or herself, nothing could seem more genuine, or less bogus, than the misery of having one's infatuation unreturned or, worse still, utterly ignored. Raw emotionalism of this sort can easily be made to seem callow and silly. But Max Opuls in this film has most sensitively avoided this tendency. In modern fiction

Miss Rosamond Lehmann has brought off the same kind of achievement in her exquisite novel of a few years ago, "Invitation to the Waltz."

Lisa's mother, a widow, decides to marry again, and as a result has to move her household from Vienna to Linz. This nearly breaks the girl's heart, the more so as she cannot divulge her passion to anybody. Three years later she returns to Vienna and again meets Stefan, who does not remember or recognise her as the little girl he once used to meet on the staircase. But he is now attracted, and this is all the more unfortunate for Lisa, since Stefan is a promiscuous libertine very much in the manner of that great but dissolute composer, Franz Liszt, whose works he is forever practising. The two come together for a few days; and what to Lisa is the passion of a lifetime is to Stefan no more than a mere interlude, or just another number added to his catalogue à la Don Giovanni. He goes off on a concert tour, never to return. Meanwhile Lisa bears him a child, and later meets a nice, rich, understanding old man who marries her, in cognizance of the whole sad story. More years pass. Then one night, Lisa, whose husband has taken her to the Opera (it is Mozart's "Magic Flute," when it really ought to have been his "Don Giovanni"!) comes face to face with her faithless lover. Disturbed by reawakened memories, Lisa murmurs some excuse to her husband and leaves the theatre; Stefan comes after her in pursuit. It is only after some considerable conversation that Lisa realises that her hopeless lover has again failed to recognise her and merely regards her as the latest possibility in his love-life. Lisa flees from him in horror and humiliation. Shortly afterwards her little boy succumbs to an attack of typhus caught in a railway train. She herself is infected, and she writes her whole hapless story in the form of a letter to Stefan before she follows her little boy. We see the pianist reading the letter at the beginning of the film,



"MOVIE CRAZY": THE SCENE IN WHICH HAROLD LLOYD (RIGHT) HAS ACCIDENTALLY PUT ON A CONJURER'S DRESS-COAT TO GO TO A SMART HOLLYWOOD DANCE—AND NOTES WITH ALARM THAT HE HAS UNEXPECTEDLY PRODUCED A WHITE RABBIT.

Mr. Alan Dent, who discusses choice double-bills on this page, finds the combination of "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "a haunting, emotional film set in Vienna in the year 1900," and "Movie Crazy," a film made by that "wistful, blundering comedian, Harold Lloyd, in the early 1930's," a happy combination in a programme at the Cameo-Polytechnic. Harold Lloyd, he considers, here has ingenious material, and he is *funny*, "especially when he accidentally puts on a conjurer's dress-coat to go to a smart Hollywood dance and unwittingly releases some white mice amid some shrieking matrons."

and at its end. It is significant that he smokes a cigarette all the time he reads, and allays any possibility of dismay, not to mention contrition, with sips of cognac.

Joan Fontaine's delineation of this unhappy heroine—"deep as first love, and wild with all regret"—is tender, true, and utterly touching. Her counterpart is Louis Jourdan, who very cleverly suggests that he is a not quite matchless executant in a Liszt rhapsody or a Beethoven concerto, but that he is indubitably a matchless breaker of hearts and homes.

The film's direction is extraordinarily sensitive. I was over and over again reminded of Marcel Proust's great novel. If any section of this should ever come to be filmed—as a Proustian *outragé* I mention the remote possibility with the extremest diffidence!—let Mr. Opuls be the director chosen. He could conceivably begin with the more or less independent "Un Amour de Swann."

Harold Lloyd—in "Movie Crazy," at least—reminds us that there is still such a thing persisting as a genuinely funny slapstick comedian. He does not seem now—and never did seem—one of the truly great comedians. He has neither the natural sunny prevailing radiance, nor any glint of the wonderful pathos, of the master, Chaplin. But his material here is ingenious, and he is *funny*, especially when he accidentally puts on a conjurer's dress-coat to go to a smart Hollywood dance and unwittingly releases some white mice amid some shrieking matrons. It was good to hear the great majority of a crowded audience on a listlessly hot afternoon laughing quite uproariously, and it was better still to be able to join them. The heroine of this film is Constance Cummings, an intelligent and charming actress who will be as amused as the audience to note how completely fashion even in physical charm can change in the short space of sixteen years or so. Gone, for another decade or so, are those arch looks, those rosebud lips.

And now, please, since it has proved possible, and even advisable, to have the old and the new wedded in one double-bill, is a fond dream of mine any nearer to realisation? Shall we some day soon have at least one cinema-house which balances a new film with one of the old silent masterpieces in all its dim glory? Can we thus look again upon Pauline Frederick immediately after seeing, say, Orson Welles' latest experiment in space, sound, shadow? Or have the young Douglas Fairbanks in direct comparison with his well-remembered senior? Or behold Theda Bara alluring us hot on the heels of Miss Betty Grable trying to lead us the same sort of dance?

A BALLET INSPIRED BY "VIVACIOUS NONSENSE":
BALANCHINE'S "JONES BEACH" IN LONDON.



BEACH GAMES IN PROGRESS: YVONNE MOUNSEY AND HERBERT BLISS IN "SUNDAY," FIRST MOVEMENT OF "JONES BEACH," THE BALANCHINE AND ROBBINS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.



WITH THE CORPS DE BALLET OF THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET: YVONNE MOUNSEY AND HERBERT BLISS IN "SUNDAY," THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF "JONES BEACH."



THE OPENING TABLEAU OF "JONES BEACH": THE BALLET WAS INSPIRED BY "THE VIVACIOUS NONSENSE" ASSOCIATED WITH THE ACTUAL JONES BEACH, A POPULAR AMERICAN *PLAGE*, NEAR NEW YORK CITY.



"RESCUE," THE SECOND MOVEMENT OF "JONES BEACH" DANCED TO "BERKSHIRE SYMPHONIES": TANAQUIL LECLERCQ SAVED FROM DROWNING BY NICHOLAS MAGALLANES.



AFTER THE BATHE: HELEN KRAMER (IN BATHING-CAP) DANCING THE MOVEMENTS OF A SWIMMER WHO HAS GOT WATER IN HER EAR, IN THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF "JONES BEACH."

One of the new ballets presented by the New York City Ballet, who have extended their season at Covent Garden until August 19, is "Jones Beach," by George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins to Jurriaan Andriessen's "Berkshire Symphonies," which had its first performance in New York in March last. Jones Beach is a municipal beach-resort near New York City, which symbolises to young America all the delights of popular recreational facilities. Its gaiety and exuberance reminded



A DANCING REPRESENTATION OF YOUTHFUL HIGH SPIRITS EXPRESSED IN GAMES AND EXERCISES: "SUNDAY," THE OPENING MOVEMENT OF "JONES BEACH."

Balanchine of the "vivacious nonsense" which takes place at such a *plage*, and the dances are inspired by beach games and swimming. The slow second movement is devoted to a rescue and resuscitation, in which the lissome grace of Miss Tanaquil LeClerc is perfectly displayed, the scherzo becomes a war with mosquitoes, and the hot jazz finale called "Hot Dog" is a general frolic. The whole ballet is well suited to the New York City Ballet's athletic technique and inclination to the acrobatic.

Photographs by Roger Wood, specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

INTROVERT and extrovert are words which, applied to people, throw at best a dim light. Applied to fiction they are no more revealing; yet in either case they may come in handy, and point a general direction. And so, this week, I have a sense of moving outward, from the very definitely to the less and less introverted.

In "The Barriers Between," by Marc Brandel (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 2s. 6d.), not quite, but nearly everything goes on in the hero's mind. Yet not ostensibly; it has the form of a thriller. And the excitement and suspense. It gives us once more the hunted man, the fugitive from justice—and for good measure he is fleeing in Mexico. We seem to know him well, in fact, the reader of American novels can't get away from him. He is their neurotic standby, compact of guilt and fear, self-pity and aggressiveness. And true to type, he has a war obsession thrown in—his kind acquire it, one and all, through being or not being on active service. Jordan was not; he was rejected, and became a war artist, but felt too base in his immunity to grapple with the real war. He had no right to, so he faked. His essays in the stock-heroic went down superbly and have made a name for him, so now he feels worse than ever. Hounded by praise, responsibility and self-loathing, he has escaped to Mexico, and dreams of going further yet—to join a model colony on Papanoa, out of this world.

Meanwhile his inner tensions are increasing, nearing explosion-point. Drink only is required—and true to type, he starts drinking heavily. The first night shows him an abyss, and warns him off. The next night he drinks again. His buried self erupts, and it is all over. Except that it has just begun. The Thing rides him hard, convulsing him with panic and betraying him incessantly. Then from sheer licence it begins to flag, and Jordan can fix his mind on it. This he has never done before; he never dared. But now the worst is out, and he is not alone; he has a mirror and companion, glimpsed in Mexico City, and then encountered on the bus. A strange girl, maddeningly helpless and unattractive. His sense of kinship with her was a torment at their first meeting; in this extremity it is a comfort, and an aid to self-knowledge. Because Roberta is a blameless victim, he can face his own character. Because she is the weaker, he must work out their joint salvation.

So here the nettle has been grasped, and the neurotic analysed. Roberta has "mother trouble"; and so has Jordan, of a different kind, and much further down. But he has also real intelligence and goodwill, enough to get him past the can't-help-it stage, and back to moral responsibility. The progress of his cure is both exciting and plausible, and fitted admirably to the man hunt—which again is in his own mind.

"I Am Legion," by Neil Bell (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 2s. 6d.), takes a sensational and outward course to just the opposite conclusion. At least, its hero does—and what a hero! A superman, who towers above the whole pigmy race. It is with consternation that we see him grow. In size and strength, in power and arrogance of mind he comes on so fast that his maturity is unpredictable; at school he looks like a man, what then will he be like in manhood? And to crown all, he has a special talent ardently improved: he is a born hypnotist and healer.

One might expect that he would add prevision, or at least clairvoyance, and I thought he was going to. But no, he scoffs at them. They smack of another world—and Robbie is a sceptic of the crudest and deepest dye. His gifts, though supernatural in extent and supreme in force, are wholly "natural," a kind of atomic energy.

Then what does he do with them? Not much, for he has no beliefs and is entirely self-centred. Thrilled at an early age by the career of Rasputin—his notion of a great man—he drifts through life as an adventurer and Don Juan, possibly as great though less in the public eye. His odyssey of fifty years is full of action, and the scene changes constantly. Without a flicker of concern he sees two world wars. He does some good, pursues a multitude of women, fishes in a great deal of muddy water, and acquires the smell of it. He grows a beard, and goes by more names than one. His path is strewn with corpses and with broken hearts, but it was all their own luck or silliness. And then at fifty he becomes a new man. A stranger with a "strange philosophy" has transformed his outlook, and made a riddle of his future course.

In brief, this "strange philosophy" is only that we can't choose, since all our actions are enforced by heredity. It seems astonishing that he had never met it before. Now his remainings of conscience, I assume, are on the way out; and I assume the story has a moral—perhaps that gifts are wasted, where the heart is sub-average. But if one can't believe in Robbie's genius—and indeed it is not required—there still remains a vigorous example of the picaresque, a trifle wanting in focus, and best of all in its digressions and its brief anecdotes.

"Royal Academy," by D. L. Murray (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. 6d.), ought to have more space; it is a feast of period and first-class romantic narrative. The scene is England in the '70's, with special reference to Burlington House. Its young girl is a painting spitfire and her young man a painting heretic, and this, to lovers of the cloak and sword, may sound rather tame. Indeed, it opens slowly—but when well away, it never looks back. Camilla has a brace of swains to eke out her fellow-artist, a virile mercenary and a saintly little grandee. Also, she has a brother who frequents all circles, to the very lowest, trailing a whiff of hell. The plot is rich, elaborate and chequered with thrilling scenes; the pageantry superbly varied; the characters—well, not so good, but quite good enough.

"The Corpse had Red Hair," by Alice Campbell (Collins; 8s. 6d.), starts with the cosy menace of an old ladies' tea-party. Of course we know what to expect—and someone dies. And then another someone. But not together, not suspiciously, and neither corpse has red hair. So there is murder yet to come, and we well know whose. Before us in the plainest sight is dull Crystal Green, a sheep with red hair married to a pretty boy. Yet there she stands in plain sight all through the book, immune, though every page is jammed full of dire events.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

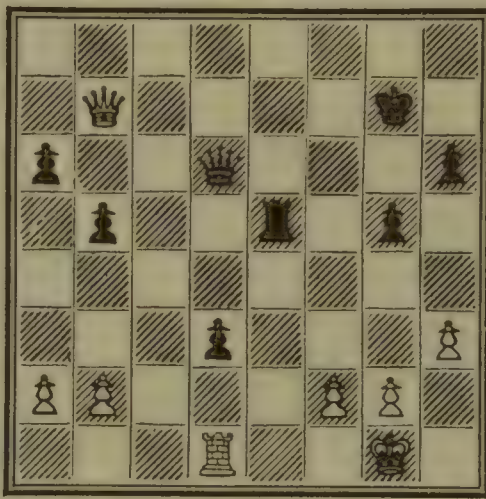
THE Hungarian master, Reti, asked, "How many moves ahead do you calculate when playing chess?" replied, "Often, not one." His reply was a ridiculous exaggeration, of course, an epigram of the Oscar Wilde type which scintillates because, amid the engulfing nonsense, is a spangle of gem-like truth.

No amount of clever calculation in chess is any use if you overlook something right under your nose.

Our two positions this week are in this theme. Each is simple, with few possibilities, and in each I ask as simply, "What would you play now?" I give no further clue than my remarks above. The play which ensued is given at the close of this article.

DIAGRAM "A."

BLACK.

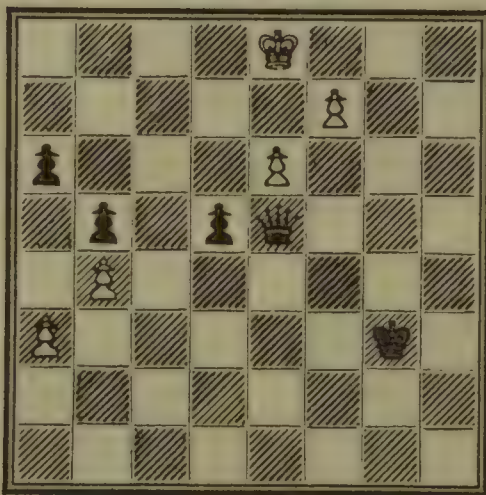


WHITE.

BLACK (in check) to play.

DIAGRAM "B."

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE (who has pawns one and two moves off queening respectively) to play.

THE SOLUTIONS.

A. This position occurred in the recent British Universities' Congress at Cambridge, White being Reifenberg. Black played the obvious ... R-K2?, completely overlooking White's surprise answer R×P! which nets a pawn.

B. White has excellent drawing chances but lost in one move (in a postal game to the Paris expert, Agarkoff, recently). After 1. P-B8(Q), Q×Pch, Black's queen's pawn would win the game. So White played 1. P-K7, only to be utterly confounded by 1. ... Q-R4 (2. K-B8, Q-R1 mate, or 2. K-Q8, Q×P; 3. P-K8(Q), Q×Qch; 4. K×Q, P-Q5 getting a new queen).

Could Black have won after 1. K-K7 ...? I doubt it.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE THREAT TO FREEDOM.

THE disillusionment of a sincere idealist is always a painful spectacle—even when one can say to him "I told you so." Mr. D. F. Karaka, the author of "Betrayal in India" (Gollancz; 2s. 6d.), is just such an idealist. Mr. Karaka, the first Indian to become President of the Oxford Union, was, as I remember him, a charming but uncompromising upholder of his nationalist opinions. That he hoped too much and too soon of his fellow-countrymen was obvious to anyone with a knowledge of India. Turning over some papers the other day, I came on a letter from my father written from India

twenty-five years ago. In it he said: "If and when we leave this country it will (at any rate in the early stages) be like Mexico—all graft and revolutions." At the time, Mr. Karaka would have indignantly denied this imputation and written it off as just another excuse by a brutal Imperialist to keep India in "chains." To-day this excellent and intelligent man has as the underlying theme of his book: "It is worse than under the British"—which, given his predilections, is another way of saying that it is much, much worse than under the British. What are his charges? First and foremost, corruption. Never, perhaps, in any democratic country can members of the ruling party have received such an astonishing admonition as that addressed by the President of Congress (quoted by Mr. Karaka) to prominent Congressmen. It is as if the Conservative Party were in power and Lord Woolton were to urge Conservative Ministers and M.P.s not to accept bribes, not to try and obtain (for a consideration) everything from Government posts to import or export licences for their friends, not to influence the judges and the police in criminal cases, and that "those who have been left out of Ministerships" should not go into opposition. The President makes one delightful concession to human nature. ("Everyone knows that these things are wrong, but under the stress of temptation, he succumbs.") But Mr. Karaka, while calling the President's directive "bold and statesman-like" (sic), sadly concludes that: "It could produce no results. The situation had gone beyond control or repair."

The process of Mr. Karaka's disillusionment had been thorough. It was all very well to inveigh against the mild British autocracy which, if you really exasperated it, imprisoned you as an A, B or C prisoner. Congress prisoners are all C category. No pleasant little house with your friends, goats, spinning-wheel. No friendly Governor, respectful police, and all your relatives coming to pay you calls whenever you liked. Just C category. And, of course, Press censorship. But what, when we were at Oxford together, did my old chum, Mr. Karaka, expect? Just as—as somebody remarked to me of M. Maeterlinck in his old age and his hair-net, there is no fool like an old transcendentalist—there is nobody so sensitive to criticism and so quick to repress it as those who have most prated of "freedom."

It is true that, as Mr. Karaka says, in the last great communal horror, "more people were killed at Amritsar on those two trains than General Dyer had killed in Jallianwalabagh twenty-eight years ago over which we moaned and squealed." This is just the age-old discovery of the revolutionist that "new Presbyter be but old Priest writ large." Don't let me mislead you. Mr. Karaka remains an idealist. He still retains his faith, however diminished, in Pandit Nehru. He would not for a moment like us back. But I detect a note of despair in this first-class and disturbing book. Whatever his trials—I hope as yet unjudicial!—Mr. Karaka should fight on for his ideals. Only if India can enlist men of his intelligence and courage can she attain the true nationhood for which she has striven.

Mr. Karaka sees (with regret) the opportunity of Communism in the present Indian situation. It is clear that in the near future we must re-arm and may be at war. As a father of a family I welcome neither possibility. At best it means higher taxation: at worst horror. It may well be that under the stresses we may think: "Is the struggle worth it?" In such moments of weakness I recommend "I Spied for Stalin," by Nora Murray (Odham's; 9s. 6d.), as a companion tonic to Kravchenko. Although the title is against it (recalling the spate of books which appeared at the beginning of the last war, caricatured by Beachcomber as "I Was Hitler's Char-lady"), this is a terrifying story. The author was the daughter of a high officer in the N.K.V.D.—a "Chekist to the core," as she says. She was reduced to penury when he was "purged" with some change of policy. She was forced to spy on foreigners in general and Russia's British allies in particular. In doing this she met an official of the British Embassy who finally married her and got her out of the country. But you must read it for yourself to savour the full horror of living in the revolting police State of Russia. One does not have to be a "fascist crocodile" or "monarchist-capitalist hyena" to realise that to live under Communism is literally worse than death.

Mrs. Murray's book is a simple appeal to the emotions—which can be cross-checked by every intelligence service in the free world. The same appeal is made to the mind by Mr. John Foster Dulles' "War or Peace" (Harrap; 15s.). Mr. Dulles will have as his monument that he was one of those patriot Republicans who had the vision to rise above party divisions on foreign policy (much more difficult in the States than here) and support

the bi-partisan approach to these questions. I cannot recommend his book sufficiently highly—not merely as an analysis of Communism (and the short chapter "Know Your Enemy" should be reprinted and distributed broadcast in every town and village), but as a penetrating study of the problems which face all of us of the free world. Although I suspect he would give anything to be able to withdraw his over-optimistic two pages on the defence potential of Southern Korea, his analysis of the Asian danger-front is acute.

If you wish to understand the background to that danger-front you must read "The Rise of Russia in Asia," by David Dallin (Hollis and Carter; 78s.). The author, a Menshevik politician who is now a distinguished American professor of history, shows clearly that "new Stalin be but old Tsar writ large."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND AMERICA: NEWS FROM THE THREE COUNTRIES.



BRITAIN'S NEWEST "JEEP"—IN WHICH THE ENGINE WILL GO ON RUNNING UNDER WATER—DURING DEMONSTRATIONS ON THE "ALPINE COURSE" AT BAGSHOT HEATH.
The "jeep" shown here has been designed by the Fighting Vehicles Department of the Ministry of Supply. It is described as being of revolutionary character, being bigger and broader than the American "jeep." It has a four-cylinder engine of 80-brake horse-power, and has been designed to go on running under water. It is stated that it will probably be available for local manufacture in India and Pakistan.



GROUP CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM (SQUATTING, CENTRE), THE FAMOUS DE HAVILLAND TEST PILOT, LOOKS AT A WORKING MODEL OF THE DE HAVILLAND VAMPIRE.
One of the most interesting exhibits at the Hertfordshire Model Aircraft Rally at Radlett Aerodrome on July 24 was a model of the De Havilland *Vampire* jet fighter. It was shown by Mr. J. Nunn, and attracted the attention of the famous De Havilland test-pilot, Group Captain J. Cunningham.



KEY-MEN OF WESTERN DEFENCE: (L. TO R.) GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, AND AIR MARSHAL SIR W. ELLIOT.
The recent meeting of the Defence Ministers of Western Union at Fontainebleau, where the above photograph was taken, has gained a special significance with the subsequent meeting (on July 25) of the deputies of the North Atlantic Treaty at Lancaster House, the U.S. deputy, Mr. Charles M. Spofford, presiding.



GATHERED TO HEAR GENERAL MACARTHUR'S REPORT ON THE KOREAN SITUATION: THE CHINESE DELEGATE TO THE SECURITY COUNCIL, DR. TINGFU E. TSIANG (LEFT), AND MR. LIE.
The Security Council gathered on July 25 to hear General MacArthur's report on Korea. The presence of the Chinese delegate is of interest, as it is owing to China's representation at the U.N. that Russia maintained a seven-months boycott, surprisingly broken by Mr. Malik on July 27, when he announced that he would sit as president on August 1.



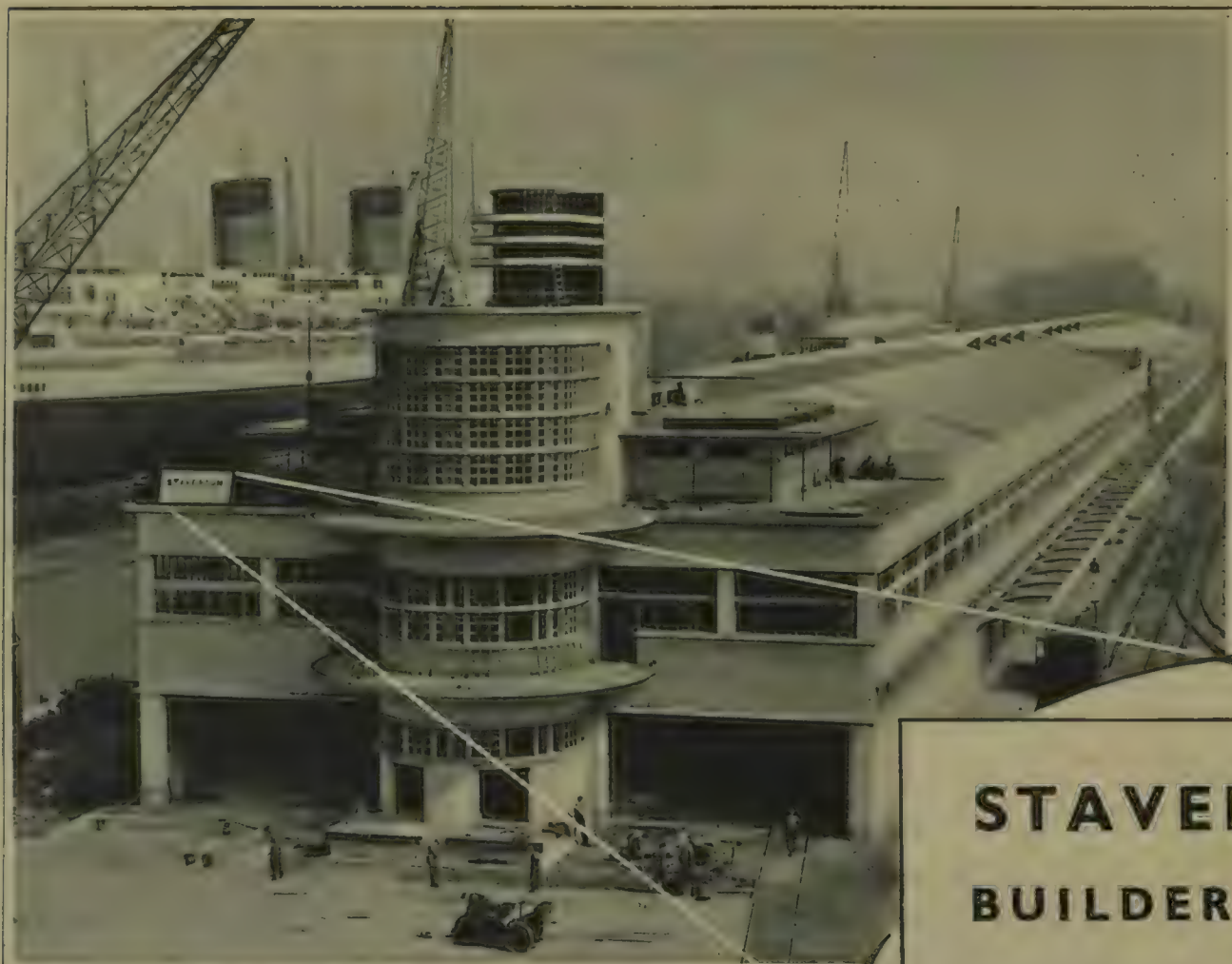
QUEEN MARY SMILES AS SHE ENTERS THE APOLLO THEATRE FOR A SPECIAL MATINÉE OF "SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO."
On July 27 Queen Mary, attended by the Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell and Major the Hon. John Coke, was present at a special matinée of the successful naval comedy "Seagulls Over Sorrento," at the Apollo Theatre, in aid of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps.



CASTING IN ENGLAND A BELL ORDERED BY A U.S. COMMITTEE "FOR A FREE EUROPE" AND TO BE INSTALLED IN BERLIN: A VIEW OF THE CASTING CEREMONY.
The American Ambassador in London, Mr. Lewis Douglas (right, wearing black eyeshade), was present at Gillett and Johnson's Croydon bell-foundry when a 10-ton bell was cast. This bell is to be installed in Berlin and sponsored by the U.S. National Committee for a Free Europe. It bears the words: "That this world, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom," a paraphrase of Lincoln's famous words at Gettysburg.



HER MAJESTY'S INTEREST IN AN INFANTILE PARALYSIS VICTIM: A SCENE DURING HER VISIT TO THE REMEDIAL BATH AT THE HARLOW WOOD ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.
On July 24 her Majesty the Queen visited Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, and later opened the Portland Training College for the Disabled at Harlow Wood, and paid a visit to the Harlow Wood Orthopaedic Hospital. There she was very interested in the swimming-pool used in the rehabilitation of injured patients. She is here seen talking to a physiotherapist, who is giving a remedial bath to a two-year-old girl who contracted infantile paralysis after whooping-cough.



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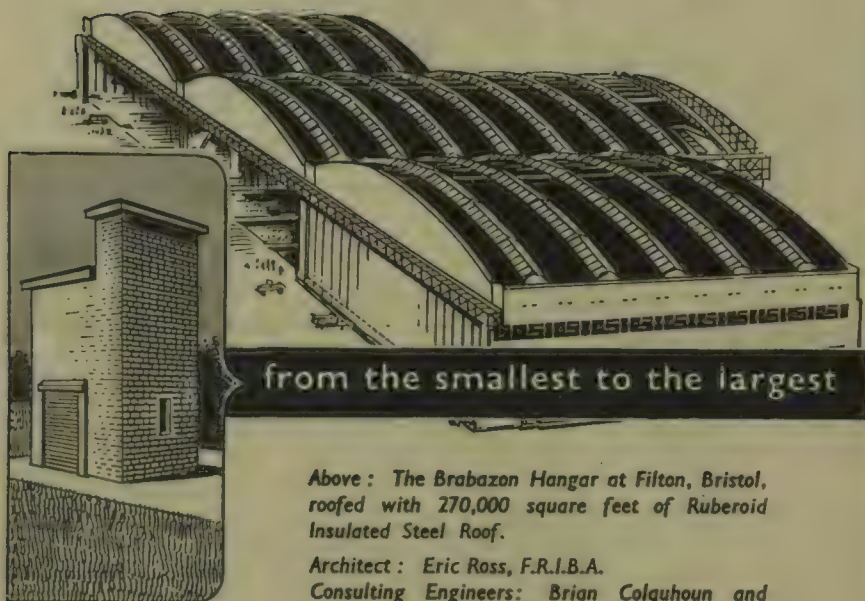
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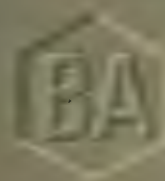
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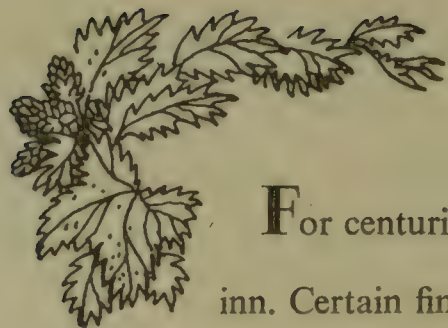
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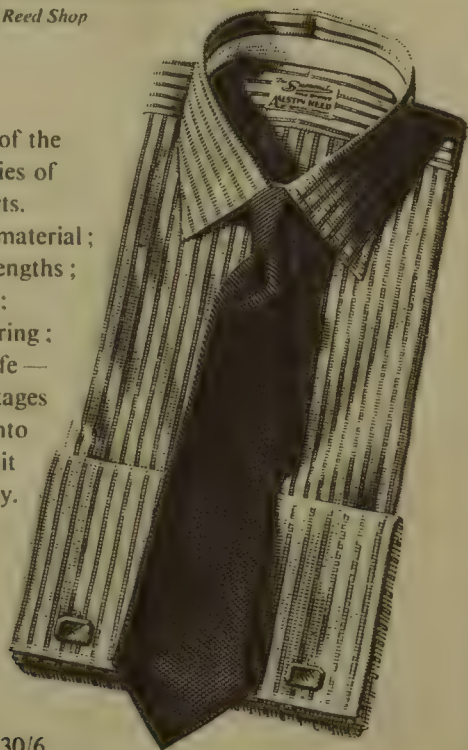


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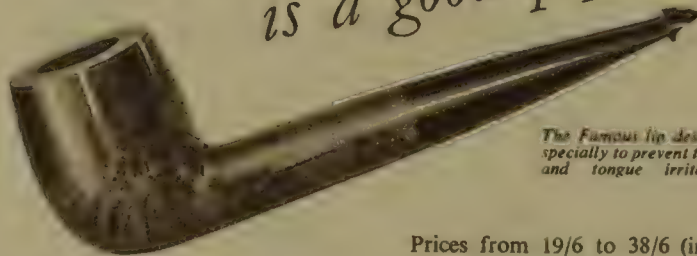
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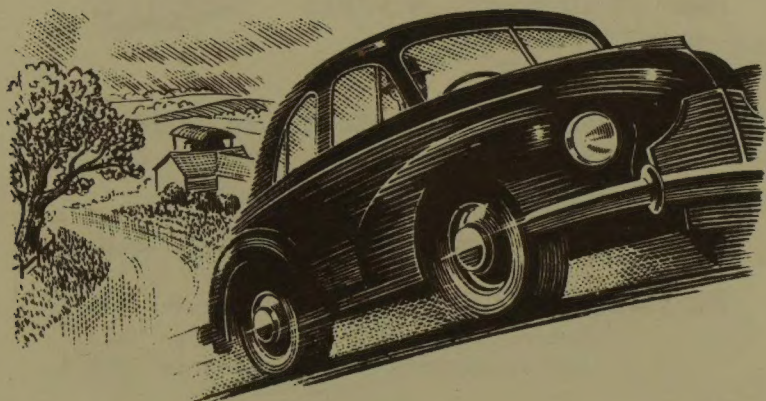
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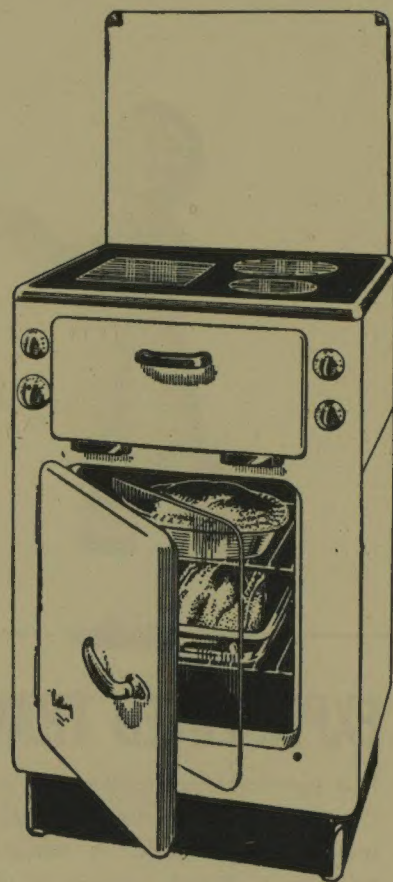
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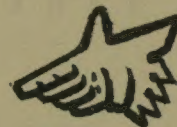


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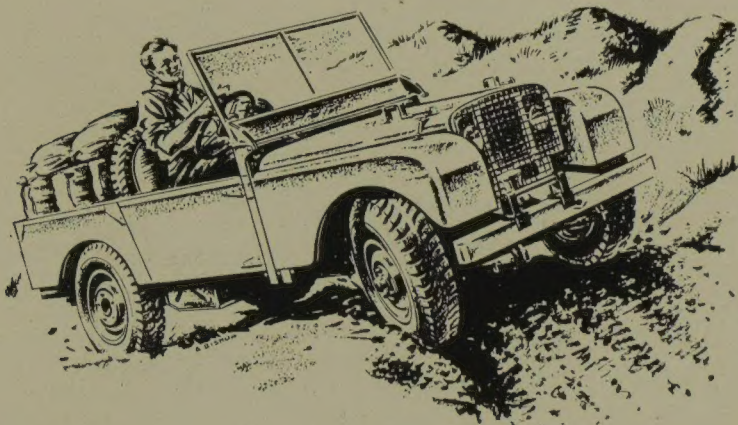
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